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*A National Quarterly*

## ARTICLES

The Jew in the Soviet Union ★ The Judaism of Samuel David Luzzato ★ Anglo-Jewish Artists ★ On Killing Geese ★ Notes on Doctor Zhivago ★ Mottele Berger's Horse ★ West-Germany's Second Denazification ★ The Correspondent, No. 8.

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# THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

*A National Quarterly*

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# The Jew in the Soviet Union\*

By JACOB K. JAVITS

IT IS A FACT that the Jewish community of some three million souls in the Soviet Union has been completely cut off from the rest of the Jewish people of the world, denied contact with them, denied the right to participate in international Jewish conferences and in global Jewish relief effort, and even refused the elementary right of obtaining books and periodicals of Jewish interest published in other countries. This is the situation in spite of a long-standing and long-forgotten statute against anti-Semitism that provides for prison terms up to two years; in spite of widely touted assertions that this bias does not exist in the U.S.S.R. because it is a tool of the "imperialist bourgeoisie in order to create national hatred"; and in spite of claims that the 42 per cent of the Soviet's population who are non-Russian enjoy equal freedoms.

The New York *Herald Tribune* has noted editorially the sixth anniversary of the execution of Jewish intellectuals by the Soviet Communists under Josef Stalin. This anniversary had been brought to mind by a letter to that paper written by a former colleague in the House of Representatives, Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas. Her letter follows:

Why do so many Jews want to leave Russia? Six years ago on August 12, an event in Russia highlighted the unhappy plight of the Jewish minority. On that day 24 leading Soviet Yiddish writers and other Jewish intellectuals were executed after a secret trial that took place between July 11 and 18, 1952. Twenty-three of the victims were Yiddish writers, actors, and theater directors.

The trial and the executions were the climax of a campaign of cultural genocide begun by Stalin in 1948 with the closing of all Jewish cultural institutions. Imprisoned, without trial, were hundreds of Yiddish writers and intellectuals.

The twenty-four executed were found "guilty of plotting to separate Crimea from the Soviet Union and to establish it, by armed rebellion, as a Zionist republic."

Eventually, the truth filtered out to the Western World. The "armed rebellion" consisted of nothing more than a direct appeal to Stalin by some of the victims to permit the settlement in Crimea of some ten to twenty thousand of the Soviet Union's Jewish wartime refugees. This was the extent of the defendant's "Zionist plotting."

The trial of the 24 was never made public knowledge. Three years later, Nikita Khrushchev did, however, allude to one of its determinations. In talks with a visiting group of Canadian Communists (in the summer of 1955), the Soviet leader expressed regret that Solomon Lozovski, "although innocent," was implicated in the "Crimean affair" by the "Beria gang."

It was in the same year that the next of kin were officially notified of the executions. The printed notices stated that the charges "have been discontinued for lack of evidence." But there has never been a formal vindication, nor has any restitution been offered to the families.

The present Soviet leaders have been as little generous in making amends to the arch victim of these Stalinist repressions—Jewish culture itself. The Yiddish language institutions, liquidated in 1948, have not been restored. No facilities are available for the publication of Yiddish books. (The works of some of those who died in 1952 have been re-issued, but in Russian translation.)

Discrimination against Jews in the diplomatic and military services still prevails. Finally, although this was true even before 1948, Judaism is the only religious denomination in the Soviet Union forbidden a governing body.

The traumatic experience of Soviet Jews in 1948-53 has intensified its desire for fraternal relations with Jewish communities in other lands. Many now feel additionally the desire to emigrate to Israel where, for once, they can live as members of a majority.

The right to emigrate is a cardinal principle to which the Soviet Union is committed under the freedom movement provisions of the United Nations Charter. Consequently, the emigration to Israel of those Soviet Jews who feel that only in Israel can they find the security and conditions for a satisfactory life should be supported and urged by men and women of good will.

This letter from Helen Gahagan Douglas, a former Congresswoman, calls to mind the sixth anniversary of Stalin's execution of Jewish intellectuals. It is a day that will live in infamy. This anniversary occurs on the

\* An address by Senator Jacob K. Javits of New York, delivered in the United States Senate in August 1958.

eve of the meeting of the General Assembly to seek some way of establishing peace and a rule of law in the Middle East. For this meeting, the Soviet Union is making dramatic, ham-actor posturings as the great friend of peace in the world.

At such a time, it is worth remembering how closely the Communist deeds—as opposed to their words—have paralleled those of Adolf Hitler, whom the Soviets claimed was their mortal enemy. For his extinction of Lidice, they have their Budapest. For his execution of trusted deputies, they have their Slanskys, Rajks, and Kostovs. For his unspeakable crimes against a minority because of its race and religion, they have their August 12. Bear that in mind, Gromyko, when ringing the charges at the Assembly.

Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev, in an interview recently published in the French journal *Figaro*, has echoed the early Soviet suspicions of Jews as a group and Karl Marx's own anti-Semitism by making especial note of his distrust of the ability of Jews to fit into the Soviet way of life. It is as if he has given, finally, Soviet confirmation to the widely publicized Communist failure in re-settling the Soviet's Jewish citizens into a Jewish area in Soviet Birobidjan near the Manchurian border. Khrushchev's *Figaro* statement is essentially a confirmation of the existence of anti-Semitism in the U.S.S.R. as evidenced by restrictions on its three million Jewish citizens and a mounting violent anti-Israel attitude.

This situation must be assayed against the background of the suppression of Jewish cultural life in the Soviet Union. At this time when the Soviets speak of peace, of summit conferences, of co-existence and good will, and pose as humanitarians, this dreadful suppression of the Jewish minority must serve as a gage of their moral integrity and the sincerity of their promises. J. Edgar Hoover pointed out in his recent book, *Masters of Deceit*, that: "At best, Soviet tolerance toward Jewish culture was never anything more than a temporary political tactic."

The report released last month by the Internal Security Sub-committee of the Senate

Judiciary Committee on the special study prepared by the Library of Congress Legislative Reference Service, *The Soviet Empire: Prison House of Nations and Races*, documents well the treatment accorded by the Soviets to some 50 per cent of the population of the U.S.S.R. who are non-Russian and who are treated as minorities. In regard to the Communist attitude toward its Jewish citizens, the report notes:

As in the case of other Soviet nationalities, the future of Soviet Jewry also has been questioned. . . . Organized Jewish communal life no longer exists in its vital form. Nor have guaranties of collective rights, or in fact individual rights, been respected. Yet Jews have not been integrated into Soviet society, despite all measures compelling them to conform: they have been spurned by the Soviet Government and looked upon as foreign and suspect.

Here are additional facts for the record. Every Soviet citizen bears an identity card which specifies his nationality. Every Soviet Jew, whether he wants to or not, must bear on his identity card the designation "Nationality: Jewish." Those who wish to assimilate and change their nationality to Russian or Ukrainian, or any other, are denied that right. They are set down as a people apart. Yet, the tragedy is that, although designated as a nationality, they are denied the rights accorded to other nationalities in the Soviet Union. In other words, they are neither permitted to assimilate nor to maintain themselves as a national group.

The Jews in the U.S.S.R. are not permitted to maintain a central representative body, either elected or appointed, cultural institutions, schools, newspapers, periodicals, publishing houses—in brief, none of the facilities accorded to all other national groups. Though there are synagogues in some of the main cities—mostly rundown, too few, and too small to accommodate all the worshipers on high holidays—the Jews, unlike other faiths (the Greek, Orthodox, and the Moslem community, and so forth) are not permitted to establish a country-wide central religious association to look after their religious needs, maintain regular connections with Jewish religious institutions and houses of learning in other countries, and organize

pilgrimages to the Holy Land, a restriction similarly applied to Soviet Moslems only a few of whom are allowed to visit the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Under the circumstances of their treatment in the Soviet Union, it is understandable why Soviet Jews desire to emigrate to Israel, where they can live in freedom, be permitted to worship their God, bring up their children in their proud traditions, be granted opportunities to exercise their individual talents, and use their natural endowment in full measure. However, no Soviet Jew is permitted to leave the Soviet Union and re-settle in Israel, except occasionally, some aged and physically handicapped people, obviously welfare cases, whom Israel welcomes, but who cannot be regarded as symptomatic of a Soviet desire to permit Jewish emigration.

Soviet representatives, in interviews with foreign guests, produce the hackneyed argument that "Soviet Jews themselves do not want to go to Israel." They wish the free world to believe that Soviet Jews, denied their rights as a group and discriminated against individually, are nonetheless inclined to obliterate from their hands and conscience a 2,000-year-old tradition of attachment to their history and to the Holy Land and to settle for the status of second-class citizens in the U.S.S.R. The Soviet Union recognizes the principle of national repatriation. It encouraged Russians, Ukrainians, and Armenians from various parts of the world to re-settle in their respective republics within the U.S.S.R., and it has permitted the repatriation to their respective homelands of tens of thousands of Poles, Spaniards, Greeks, and so forth. Yet Soviet Jews, designated by Soviet law as a "nationality" and denied identification as Russians, are denied the right to re-settle in Israel.

In the Communist satellites the same tune of public pronouncements of tolerance and good will and private restrictions upon its people is often heard.

Moscow has never been content with keeping its policies, on any issue, within its own borders. It has been determined to im-

pose them on other Communist regimes. Tito was the first to revolt against Moscow intrusion in Yugoslav affairs. Gomulka captured the imagination of peoples everywhere with his courageous stand against Moscow dictates; Hungary tried bravely and failed tragically to break the Moscow grip. The revulsion of horror which swept the world over the ruthless brutality of the Kremlin in crushing the brave people of Hungary can never be forgotten. But the Communist terror must fail inevitably to wipe out their resistance to slavery, their struggle for liberty.

Rumania never tried. It has been following the Moscow line on every issue; not the least of these has been the policy on its Jewish population.\* Premier Khrushchev justified an unofficial *numerus clausus* against Jews in employment and educational institutions on the ground that the various republics of the U.S.S.R. prefer to give preference to members of their own nationality in high posts; the Jew, in other words, is an alien.

Rumania has also recently introduced an unofficial *numerus clausus*. The percentage of Jews permitted to enter universities has been unofficially restricted, and Jewish civil servants have been transferred from the large centers to provincial towns and villages. The Rumanian Government contends that Jews in Rumania have complete freedom to pursue their cultural activities. Let us see how true this is. It is a fact that Rumania's network of Jewish cultural institutions has been largely dissolved, that Rumanian Jewish leaders have been arrested, and only in recent years have some of them been permitted to leave the country. It is a fact, also, that whatever Jewish educational institutions exist in Rumania, Communist-dominated all of them, they are sadly disproportionate to the Jewish population. Here are some illustrative and revealing statistics: It is estimated by the United Rumanian Jews of America, a 50-year-old national organization of American Jews of Rumanian origin, that there are some 240,000 Jews in Rumania.

\* Since the delivery of this address, the situation in Rumania dealing with Jewish emigration is reported to have improved considerably. Editor.

The official Soviet-Rumania Yearbook for 1957 states that 144,236 persons gave their colloquial tongue as Yiddish. How many of the number, who gave their tongue as Yiddish, are permitted to pursue cultural activities in that language? The Ukrainians in Rumania, whose total number is 60,000, have 117 schools with 8,400 pupils; the Tartars, who total 20,000, are permitted 50 schools for 1,800 pupils. The 144,236 Yiddish-speaking Jews are only permitted 4 schools for 310 pupils.

What is most heart-rending is the fact that Rumania has been adhering, piously and religiously, to Moscow's line on Jewish emigration. Discrimination against Jews inside Rumania and refusal of permission for them to leave Rumania have been Moscow's policy; it has also been Rumania's policy.

Prior to March, 1952, Rumania followed its own policy on Jewish emigration. Rumanian Jews were permitted to emigrate, and thousands of men left their families and re-settled in Israel, hoping to bring their wives and children. Then in March, 1952 emigration was suddenly stopped. The families remained stranded in Rumania, their husbands and fathers having preceded them to Israel. There were protests in Tel Aviv and in New York and wherever Jews of Rumanian origin reside. In Tel Aviv Rumanian Jews went on hunger strike to protest Bucharest's policy of wilfully separating their families.

After Stalin's death, Bucharest spokesmen privately blamed this policy on the Stalinist era. For several years since, Bucharest has repeatedly promised that emigration would be permitted, that the dissevered families—30,000 in all—would be given an opportunity to meet again in Israel. Toward the end of 1956, the Rumanian Government began to permit a trickle of emigration—but only a trickle. Between January and October, 1957, 717 people came to Israel from Rumania. We can well imagine how many decades will have to pass before a complete reunion takes place, if this is to be the rate of emigration.

Cannot Rumania find it in her heart to arrange for the speedy reunion of these families? What doctrinal need, under Communist doctrine, is fulfilled by keeping wives separated from their husbands, and parents separated from their children? What purpose is fulfilled, from Moscow's and Bucharest's point of view, in the cold war for that matter, by keeping families separated? The letters received by kin in Israel are heart-rending. Husbands and wives, 30 years together, have now been separated for nearly a decade. Youngsters have grown up without knowing their parents. What senseless cruelty! In this 20th century, when Moscow boasts of its conquest of space, the Bucharest Communist government follows a policy reminiscent of the days of slavery and piracy. It is a bland and rigid policy—without reason, without cause. Rumania has repeatedly promised to re-unite these families. Rumania has repeatedly failed to keep its promise. Does Rumania think that, by following such policy, it enhances its prestige in the family of nations; or does it act to perform as a mirror image of the Soviet?

It behooves the Soviets and their satellites, if they would practice even once the international political morality they preach to the world, to cease the persecutions imposed upon their minority groups, both Jews and others, to permit families to be rejoined and to cease blocking the reasonable movement of their own citizens to homes of their choice. The world judges not merely by words but by deeds; international morality is not served by Soviet and satellite policies.

May I point out the fact that in a publication authorized to be printed by the Committee on Rules and Administration and entitled *The Soviet Empire: Prison House of Nations and Races*, there is actually set forth this very sad history. The report concludes, and I conclude, with this observation:

For the immediate future, it is difficult to foresee any great measure of relief from Soviet discrimination and abuse of power, and it is equally difficult to foresee any perceptible narrowing of the gap between promise and fulfillment in Moscow's treatment of its non-Russian peoples.

# The Judaism of Samuel David Luzzato

By NATHANIEL KRAVITZ

*Translated from the Yiddish by William Shure*

SAMUEL DAVID LUZZATO (1800-1865) was a distinguished philologist and grammarian, historian, Hebrew poet, and religio-ethical philosopher. His views on Judaism were in direct contrast to those of such contemporaries of his as Nachman Krachmal, Solomon Judah Rappaport, Shneur Sachs, and Yom Tov Leopold Zunz, all of whose views on Judaism were more or less typical of the period in which they lived. He was as well informed on the culture of his day as any of his contemporaries, but was a thorough-going individualist. He was critical not only of the famous men of his own generation but attacked also the views of such revered spiritual giants as Maimonides, Abraham Ibn-Ezra, and Spinoza, declaring with fearless consistency and logic that they had imported an alien fire into the temple of Judaism and therewith were leading many Jews toward the Gentile way of life. Such courage in a scholar in a generation of scholars, when enlightenment was the battle-cry of the day, itself commands respect.

To defend the "old" in a generation of innovations was neither easy nor convenient, especially when the defender himself was a scholar in the full meaning of the word. With great vigor Luzzato opposed the reformers' extremism as represented by such men as Abraham Geiger and Ludwig Philippson. He even went so far as to maintain that if, in order to attain complete political emancipation, Jews should reject some aspects of Judaism, they should avoid creating a breach in the historical development of Judaism. Certainly, he wished for equal rights for all Jewry, yet not at the expense of Judaism. He was essentially opposed to the leaders of the Galician Haskalah, though he stood close to them—those who knelt before the gods of the new day, operating through

the medium of the philosophical theories and attitudes that held sway in his time.

He accepted the Masoretic Texts; but as a scholar he opposed the German school of biblical criticism which was dissecting the Bible as though it were a cadaver. He put forward his own interpretation of Judaism which is still valid, perhaps more so in our day, when the Christian world is beset with so many great crises.

The central theme of Luzzato's world-view is that modern culture is the result of two opposite philosophies — Atticism and Judaism — a synthesis of Hellenic and Hebraic elements. Atticism denotes the Attic-Spartan culture which has come down to us from classical Hellas — elements of which had passed through the prism of Rome as one phase, and through that of Christianity with yet other modifications. Judaism is represented by those elements which Christianity had absorbed from the Bible and the Torah as a whole.

What is the heritage of Atticism in modern culture? It is philosophy, science, the arts, system and method, love of beauty, and of the grandiose, and a morality based on reason. This last-mentioned element is especially significant in Luzzato's world-view. Judaism gave us monotheism—the belief in one God, the cosmic view of the unity of man, the universe, and God, but mainly the "morality of the heart," compassion toward one's fellow-man, the unselfish love of the good, and the urge to elevate and sanctify life through good deeds and purity of soul.

In his letter to Luli Ahud, dated January 1, 1864, Luzzato states his position even more concisely:

I shall tell it to you in two words: Man is endowed with heart and reason. In my view, Judaism essentially develops the heart, while Atticism whets the mind. But this does not mean that Judaism is

opposed to reason or that Atticism suppresses or destroys altruistic sentiments. Neither system is absolute. I simply assert that Judaism emphasizes the heart, and Atticism stresses the mind.

The "superman" of Atticism is the statesman, the martial leader, but mainly, the philosopher; that of Judaism is the saintly one, the prophet. In Atticism, the chief honors go to speculative thought; in Judaism, to good deeds. Atticism relies more on reason, while Judaism teaches not to trust reason unconditionally, because reason and wisdom are fallible. Atticism is not incompatible with aggressiveness, but Judaism honors modesty. The fundamental principle that runs throughout the Torah like a scarlet thread is the principle of mercy, compassion toward one's fellow-man. The ethics of reason is cold, calculated, often selfish. Judaism teaches integrity, piety, sanctity; Atticism speaks of the freedom of desire, thereby fostering atheism, scepticism, agnosticism. The garden of Judaism nurtures faith, uprightness, charity, and justice; conflict and war are inherent in Atticism, while concord between men and universal peace are the ideals of Judaism.

In Atticism, Luzzato declared, the well-turned phrase and the logically-founded thought enjoy the supreme position. Indeed, order and system are seen in the philosophers' doctrines about life, yet their own conduct did not always agree with their teachings; Judaism's highest goal was to practice the preachment of the ideal. No Tanah, or anyone of prominence in Israel, or any Gaon would be looked-up to unless he was righteous and saintly. In a letter to Vashan of Candia Luzzato says:

Greek philosophy did not make men better, nor impel them to gentler manners. On the contrary, it perverted the heart of man; all of the higher values in modern culture derive from Judaism. Only these Judaic elements can save a Europe from sinking into moral degradation.

In his *History of the New Hebrew Literature*, where he speaks respectfully of Luzzato, Dr. Klausner remarks:

It is not necessary to say that nowadays we no longer regard Greek philosophy negatively. Plato, Aristotle, and their followers were also great moral personalities. The classical Greek drama also contains

elements of religious morality that are not inferior to the morality of Judaism.

Luzzato, however, was not denying this. He considered only the main tendencies of both Judaism and Atticism. The uprightness of a Socrates was not characteristic of the lives of many other philosophers of fame in Hellas. As regards Plato and Aristotle, surely neither had reached the moral plane of the shepherd Amos nor of the prophet Jeremiah.

Luzzato adduces some examples that characterize Judaism. A few of these are as follows: Whereas all nations of antiquity regarded war captives, whether male or female, as lower than animals, and whereas the captor possessed the right to sell them into slavery, to inflict upon them bodily torture, or to put them to death without legal sanction, even for the least offense, the Torah enjoined a thirty-day period for a female captive to permit her "mourning for her father and mother." During such time the captor was forbidden to marry her; and after marriage he no longer was permitted to sell her. No such law is known to have been contained in the legal system of any other nation in antiquity. Even in France as late as 1845, the law prescribed that a runaway slave had to be handed over to his master, whereas the Torah, millennia ago, forbade this; moreover, runaway slaves were to be aided and protected. In Rome, up to the time of Emperor Hadrian, the abuse and even the killing of a slave were not punishable by law. Hadrian merely forbade the killing of a slave without sufficient cause.

According to Talmudic law, a laborer had to be paid in full even if he had caused any loss to his employer in the course of his work, as, for example, breaking a vessel containing wine. Not only was the employer forbidden to deduct the loss from the laborer's wage, but he had to pay in full for the time during which the damage had occurred.

What was the underlying principle of such laws? Luzzato finds that their basis was compassion. Compassion and mercy are at the root of the philanthropy which impels us to do good without any thought of reward. Judaism hold the view that good deeds

should be their own reward, rather than that they should be motivated by the expectation of receiving honor or even of attaining to Paradise. "The reward of a mitzvah is the mitzvah." This is the living spirit of Judaism, which demands that "one should suffer along with his fellow-man and not rest until he has bound up his wounds and healed his ulcers." The purpose of Judaism is not to give the Jew "a share in the world to come," but to make man truly human and to elevate him nearer to God.

In contrast, Atticism strove to make man a thinker, provided he possessed the necessary capability; to develop in him the desire for beauty, to stimulate his individual desires. With ethical purity Atticism had no concern, for it deemed the development of mind sufficient to enable the individual to discover for himself the true way to the highest good. The best direction for the good life that Aristotle could offer was the "middle course—nothing to excess"; but the determination of excess, the standard, he left to the individual's discretion. Now, when personal interests are involved, individual judgment is rarely just, since it is concerned with self to the neglect of one's fellow-man. But Judaism sought to prevent such situations by placing man's conduct under a strict code that would act as a mirror in which he could behold himself and also his fellow-men. That is why the God of Judaism is the God of mercy, righteousness, and charity—a God who elevates man to the level of purity and sanctity.

Because of his uncompromising position, Luzzato was regarded by his opponents as reactionary, anti-rationalist, and obscurantist. After Luzzato's death, A. A. Kovner wrote: "Luzzato's worthless researches have done nothing useful—through the gutter of the *Hamagid* he multiplied nonsensical babbling." That, however, was an insolent estimate. Notwithstanding what Luzzato's detractors regarded as nonsensical views, his contemporaries, nevertheless, considered him a great scholar—an independent thinker who fought uncompromisingly in behalf of an unadulterated Judaism that was so dear to

him. Zunz regarded Judaism as a culture in its last stages of decay, and his studies were aimed at recording for posterity that deteriorating culture before its inevitable disappearance.

Luzzato, on the other hand, did not regard Judaism as an archaeologist regards some remains of antiquity, but rather as a vital force that contains within itself the potentiality of ascendancy and the reflection of godliness. He not only saw the differences between Atticism and Judaism, but also envisioned the eventual triumph of Judaism over the pagan cults, whose influence had been transmitted to modern culture through Atticism. Refusing all validity to the reformers' idea of a "mission," he believed wholeheartedly that since Judaism was the true way in life, its coming triumph was beyond all doubt. Therefore, he accepted the Messianic faith of orthodox Jewry.

Believing that he was carrying on his fight against all those who were bringing alien ways into Judaism, Luzzato spoke of "Atticized" Jews and "Judaized" Jews. In a poem published in 1841, he characterized the neo-enlightened ones who mocked at their "unenlightened," superstitious forefathers. They are godless, he said; and because cold, dry reason is their god, they do not hesitate to commit wrongs without restraint. They no longer study the Bible, or Talmud and Midrash; neither do they study Aristotle or Plato. But they do read the cheap sensational newspapers. Instead of our sacred books, they read the senseless novels of Paul DeCoq; their "Atticistic" culture consists in adorning themselves in finery; their aim in life is the accumulation of money in order to satisfy every possible whim and desire of the moment. Their ambition is to be superior to others; they despise Jewish morality which teaches modesty, truthfulness, uprightness, and justice; they follow their own "morality," doing as they please and indulging their lowest appetites. Do culture and progress consist in repudiating every restraint? He said further:

Everything detrimental and morally degraded comes from Athens, not from Jerusalem. Jerusalem

taught us that ostentatiousness, fine words, and well-ordered philosophical discussions do not insure good behavior. It is not preachment; the deed is what matters.

Atticism, he contended, emphasized the external; that was why the Greeks were so passionately fond of many sports, the circus, and the theater. Even their plastic arts reflected the external side of Greek life.

But even if Atticism does contain some meritorious things, one must not lose sight of the mutual exclusiveness of Judaism and Atticism. They cannot be housed under one roof. Atticism is adapted to the philosopher's life but is not feasible in the life of a whole polity. When it degenerates, as it must, it brings about the undoing of nations and the destruction of empires. But Judaism, with its warm-heartedness, its simplicity, and its passionately religious spirit, has maintained the existence of our people as an entity all through our long dispersion, and the Judaistic elements within Christianity have saved some nations from complete disintegration. Should contemporary culture become dominated by Atticism, it, too, will in time break down.

Because of all these considerations, Luzzato was impelled to enter into open war with Maimonides, Ibn-Ezra, and Spinoza. His opposition to Maimonides was expressed in such acrimonious terms that it produced a shocking impression at the time. "Maimonides brought us misfortune," he said. That sounded as if he accused Maimonides of being an enemy of Israel; but it was only Luzzato's passionate loyalty to Judaism which had caused him to speak so extravagantly. Still, in discussions of Maimonides he used some substantial arguments which he apparently had gleaned from the writings of thirteenth century opponents of Maimonides, and also from the latter's own work. These arguments are given here not only because of their own validity, but also for the purpose of completing the presentation of Luzzato's world-view:

1. Maimonides brought into Judaism the spirit of Greek philosophy. 2. He followed the teachings of Aristotle which are based

exclusively on reason. 3. He exhibited thirteen categories, while Judaism is not based on any set of dogmas but only on a single principle—the fulfillment of the Mitzvah. 4. He regarded the common man as merely animal; whereas the Torah teaches that every Jew is a member of God's own people. 5. He accepted Aristotle's "middle of the road" morality, which is not the way of Judaism.

Not less critical was he of Spinoza. According to Luzzato, the philosopher of Amsterdam was swayed by Atticism even more than Maimonides, for he stood almost entirely outside Judaism. Here are some of Luzzato's charges against Spinoza:

1. Spinoza denies freedom of the will, freedom of choice, which is a *sine qua non* in Judaism. The denial of free will implies, *ipso facto*, also the denial of the Torah and of God. If man's life is governed by cause and effect, it becomes irrelevant to assert that he is responsible for his actions. 2. Spinoza identifies God with nature; consequently, there is no place for a Creator in such teaching. This is contrary to the axiomatic view of Judaism. 3. Spinoza's ethics postulates self-interest as a basis, whereas Judaism teaches that good deeds are their own reward. 4. His morality is based on reason alone; consequently, there is no place in it for the principle of goodness, which derives from feeling. 5. Spinoza denies purpose (teleology) in nature. Besides, Luzzato accused him of sycophancy toward Christianity and of hostility toward Judaism. He also connected Abraham Ibn-Ezra, the great commentator of the Torah, with Spinoza. In his view, Rabbi Abraham was self-contradictory. On the one side he exhibited apostasy, and on the other, superstitiousness. Being afraid to state his views openly, he often masked them in mysteries and riddles which Spinoza interpreted for the purpose of evolving his own theories; for, in Luzzato's opinion, Spinoza's greatest offense against Judaism was his espousal of biblical criticism, which he himself had fathered.

Certainly it was a stern judgment that Luzzato rendered—more damnatory than

lenient, and it came at a time when he was asserting that the grand and most important principle of Judaism was tempered with justice. Yet even Klausner, in spite of his critical attitude toward Luzzato, admits that, given his view of Judaism, Luzzato could not consequentially have spoken otherwise, for if one adopts a consistent Judaism, he thereby rejects everything contrary to it.

His comprehensive conception of Judaism forced on Luzzato the acceptance of miracles—a bitter pill for a nineteenth century scholar. Equally inconsistent with the principle of mercy were the orders to destroy totally the seven nations of Canaan. To these departures from the principle of mercy, Luzzato presents answers which leave considerable latitude for elaboration. Without accepting the view of an evolving Judaism, he could not say that the Mosaic period differed from that of the Prophets. Had he reasoned as an evolutionist, he would have noticed that he himself was admitting Atticistic views—if not through the front door, then through a window. The Torah from Heaven, the chosen-people belief, and the Messianic faith he accepted like an ultra-orthodox Jew. Similarly, he accepted all mitzvah, which in his view were a means of shaping the inner world of the Jews so that they might become God's chosen people and a nation of priests, to be absolutely separate from all other nations.

Luzzato was convinced that those Jews who knew the why and wherefore of their being Jews—those who loved and treasured the heritage of the fathers—were unaware of any inner conflict, and that all contradiction between Judaism and the modern order of things was resolved for them through their loyal attachment to God and the Torah. Atticism, as it came down to us from classical Greece and is now metamorphosed into a modern product, cannot affect such Jews; for, wherever Judaism prevails, inane, vainglorious, sophistry-laden Atticism must relinquish its place; only where Judaism is declining does Atticism creep in and make itself at home.

And so Luzzato, whom some had dubbed "Don Quixote, the windmill fighter," was well aware of the dangers of assimilation carried on the wings of the New Spirit of his day. He saw the non-Jewish world as it was—no lofty moral teaching nor goodness could he expect from it, although his era still was nearly a century away from Hitler's reign of terror which exterminated some six million Jewish people. But even in his own day Luzzato had no lack of evidence of the nature of the "progress" of Atticism and of the "Kultur" of Europe. Though he did assimilate European culture intellectually, he yielded not an iota of his Jewishness; he did not reject one idea of Judaism, however striking might have been the dissonance between it and the "new enlightenment." In telling his generation, "Jew I am, Jew I remain," he was inspired with a passionate love for Palestine, for the Hebrew language and its literature, and for all of the long-lived, enduring heritage of Israel.



Head of a Peasant

JOSEF HERMAN

# Anglo-Jewish Artists

By ALFRED WERNER

CULTURAL RELATIONS between American and British Jewry are generally so slight and sporadic that the news of the deaths in 1957 of two London artists, David Bomberg and Barnett Freedman, hardly caused a ripple here. Bomberg, who reached sixty-seven, was already so gifted as a youth that he was given his first one-man show at the famous Leicester Galleries. After the First World War he went to Palestine under the auspices of the Zionist Organization and painted a series of scenes of biblical interest. An Expressionist who applied color thickly, he was a war artist in both wars and was also a stimulating teacher. Freedman, best known as a book illustrator and lithographer, was only fifty-six. For his services as a war artist he was made a commander of the British Empire in 1946. As a young man he had taken an interest in the theater and staged plays by Zangwill. In his book illustrations are found characters remembered from his boyhood in the Jewish section of London.

In this country, these two names are completely unknown; but even in England critics have only begun to realize what first-rate artists the world has lost. Writing in *The Listener*, David Sylvester says:

I doubt if we have seen paintings by a British artist of this century finer than the finest of those in the David Bomberg memorial exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery. . . . The originality of his paintings is hardly less impressive than the glory of their color and the grandeur of their forms.

After the Freedman Memorial Exhibition (also at the Arts Council Gallery), Frederick Laws wrote in the *Manchester Guardian*:

Freedman knew poverty, thought that pretentious humbugs were apt to fool the art world, and reacted to that situation by posing as a simple tradesman, with no high-flown ideals, who simply could not understand the jargon of criticism. The quality of his work steadily contradicted his debunking conver-

sation. He always aimed high, and his contempt for people who use one set of standards for fine art and another for commercial work was healthy. Good artists remain honest tradesmen whatever they are doing.

I have singled out Bomberg and Freedman because last summer I had an opportunity to admire some of their works in British collections. Why has no Jewish organization in this country brought over a representative collection of works by Anglo-Jewish artists? Why has so little been written here about all the Jewish painters and sculptors born on English soil in the last three hundred years, and about those who, of foreign origin, had found refuge there and ample opportunities for creative work?

According to the researches conducted by Alfred Rubens, Cecil Roth and others, there were Jewish artists already in 17th and 18th century England. None of them, however, was a major figure, and of their original work little has survived. John Zoffany (1722/3-1810) was an excellent painter of portraits and conversation pieces, but he was a Jew by origin only, and even this "ethnic" connection of the artist with the Jewish people is based on speculation rather than documents.

However, we are well informed about Solomon Alexander Hart, who was born at Plymouth in 1806. His father, Samuel, was a goldsmith who moved with his family to London in 1820. First apprenticed to an engraver, Hart entered the Royal Academy as a student in 1823 and three years later exhibited a miniature portrait of his father. He continued for a time to paint miniatures for a livelihood, but he showed his first oil at the Academy in 1828, and two years later, "Elevation of the Law," also called "Interior of a Jewish Synagogue at the time of the Reading of the Law," which eventually came

into the possession of the National Gallery in London.

In a sense, the emancipation of Jews in England proceeded faster in the cultural than in the political sphere. Whereas it was only in 1858 that Baron Lionel de Rothschild was able to take his seat in Westminster as a member of Parliament, Hart became an associate of the Royal Academy as early as 1835, and a full member five years later. From 1854 to 1863 he was professor of painting at the Royal Academy, and subsequently, until his death in London in 1881, he served there as Librarian.

Hart's large canvases, crowded with people, and usually illustrating some famous episode in English history (e.g., "Isaac of York in the Castle of Front de Boeuf"; "Henry I Receiving News of the Shipwreck and Death of his Son"; "Execution of Lady Jane Grey"; and "Wolsey and Buckingham") are done in the formal, dignified, "academic" style of the period and, however celebrated they were a hundred years ago, they appear to us now a bit too stiff and over-finished, with over-posed figures. This is also true of Hart's works on a Jewish theme, such as "Hannah, the Mother of Samuel" and "The Conference between Manasseh ben Israel and Oliver Cromwell," which was acquired by the philanthropist F. D. Mocatta and eventually given to Jews' College, London. "Elevation of the Law," with all the faults of the English "pompiers" tradition in which it is embedded, nevertheless is a highly impressive work. A feeling of great dignity emanates from it; the reader of the Torah on the Bemah unrolls the Scroll; and bearded old men, most of them with prayer shawls covering their heads, gather around him.

Together with A. Boyd Houghton and W. Maw Egley, Abraham Solomon (1824-1862) was among a group of Victorian genre painters whose works were, for a long time, neglected, despite their excellent qualities, simply because so many very bad painters of this vein were carelessly lumped together with them. Solomon is a typical Victorian

artist though he not always wore rose-tinted spectacles and in his paintings mirrored an age of order and self-control, of material prosperity and external graciousness. Photography was still a rather undeveloped profession, and it was the painter's task to provide paintings of actual life, pictorial records of the era. Among the chroniclers of an era fascinated by Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*, Solomon occupies a high rank.

He was the son of a rich Leghorn-hat importer. His mother, Kathe, dabbled in painting, and his younger brother, Simeon, as well as his sister, Rebecca, were distinguished artists themselves. Abraham entered the schools of the Royal Academy when he was in his eighteenth year, and exhibited his first picture at the Academy in 1843. In the 'forties he exhibited humorous, satirical scenes from the works of Goldsmith and Molière, but he had his great success in the 'fifties with two pairs of paintings that became famous in thousands of chromolithographs on either side of the Atlantic. "Waiting for the Verdict" showed a scene in the anteroom of a court, with the prisoner's family anxiously awaiting the result of the trial. The companion picture was "The Acquittal." The social scene enters the second pair of pictures, showing people in a relatively new conveyance, the railway train. "First-Class—The Meeting" shows a young man meeting a pretty girl in the train compartment. In the original version, which was sharply criticized because of its impropriety, and probably was destroyed by the artist, the old gentleman in the corner is seen asleep, a fact which facilitated the young traveler's flirtation. "Third Class? Second Class—The Departure" shows the young son of a widowed mother emigrating to Australia. The social implication of the pictures is simple enough: those who are wealthy enough to travel first class move in an atmosphere of security and make pleasant friends, while the second-class passengers are plagued by economic insecurity and distress. "Waiting for the Verdict" was proposed for the Liver-

pool Prize which, however, was given to a painting by the Pre-Raphaelite Millais; Solomon did, however, subsequently get this much-coveted prize for his "Found Drowned."

Familiar with the work of the Pre-Raphaelites, a group with which his brother was closely associated, Solomon, like them, employed meticulous craftsmanship and close observation of nature. His pictures, small in scale, careful in detail, and brilliant of color, are so well painted that to this day, almost a hundred years later, they are as glowing and brilliant as they were the day they were painted. Abraham Solomon died at Biarritz, France, in 1862, in his thirty-eighth year, on the very day he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy.

Probably the most gifted of all 19th century Jewish artists, and certainly the most interesting figure among them, was Abraham Solomon's younger brother, Simeon (1840-1905). His tragic, restless life anticipates the self-destructive existences of such geniuses as Gauguin, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Modigliani. His work, unappreciated by the Victorians, who resented the artist's ways and often the choice of subject matter as well, is now gaining more and more importance in the eyes of connoisseurs.

Much younger than Dante Gabriel Rossetti, John Everett Millais, and other leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Solomon soon fell under the spell of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In many respects this Brotherhood, founded in 1848 in Millais' London home, resembled the group of German "Nazarenes" who had joined together in a monastery in Rome some thirty years earlier. Here, too, were young, serious, dedicated artists who loathed the smugness and conventionality of the art that was sponsored by the Academies; here, too, was a re-discovery of early Italian art whose simplicity and purity appealed to either group far more than the lushness and sophistication of the Cinguecento.

At Rossetti's studio Simeon Solomon was a frequent and welcome visitor, while

Simeon's gifted, but very unstable sister, Rebecca, who died in 1886, was employed by Millais to make copies and paint-in draperies. Simeon was only seventeen when he first showed a drawing at the Royal Academy. Two years later, in 1860, his picture called "The Infant Moses" was attacked by a critic ("Two ludicrously ugly women, looking at a dingy baby, don't form a pleasing subject") but was warmly defended by no less a personage than Thackeray, who thought it was finely drawn and composed. The list of people who held high opinions of the talent of Solomon reads like one of all the men who courageously defied the traditions and morals of the Victorians. In a long review, Swinburne praised Solomon's only venture into literature, a piece of poetic prose entitled "A Vision of Love Revealed in Sleep." Burne-Jones said that, in his opinion, Solomon was the greatest artist among all Pre-Raphaelites. The critic Walter Pater, whose portrait Solomon painted, thought very highly of him; and Oscar Wilde, who had collected Solomon's drawings while an undergraduate at Oxford, said, as a prisoner, that the Solomons he owned were among the treasures he most regretted losing.

Solomon's work was uneven, but the best of it was unsurpassed in beauty of line and composition, especially in his drawing of faces, whether he drew the sensitive faces of young rabbis or the ephebic countenances of Greek youths. The most graphic description of Solomon's drawing was written by the poet Swinburne who said:

There is a questioning wonder in their faces, a fine joy and a faint sorrow, a trouble as of water stirred, a delight as of thirst appeased. Always a feast or sacrifice, in chamber or in field, the air and carriage of their beauty has something in it of the strange: hardly a figure but has some touch, though never so delicately slight, either of eagerness or of weariness, some note of expectation or of satiety, some semblance of outlook or inlook: but prospective or introspective, an expression is there which is not pure Greek, a shade or tone of thought or feeling beyond Hellenic contemplation; whether it be oriental or modern in its origin, and derive from national or personal sources. This passionate sentiment of mystery seems at times to "o'er-inform its

tenement" of line and color, and impress itself even to perplexity upon the sense of the spectator.

His most important work was a canvas entitled "Habet" (1864), inspired by a contemporary novel, *The Gladiators*. Had the theme been taken by one of the celebrated academicians, there would have been a pre-occupation with archaeological details; whereas Solomon was more interested in giving expression to the play of emotion and character on the faces of Roman ladies gazing from the gallery into the arena, where a gladiator, having fallen to his opponent, was to lose his life—the victim of their merciless whim. Some of his canvases depict Jewish themes, such as "The Scrolls of the Law" (a young man in a prayer shawl carrying the Torah), or "Isaac Offered."

But his best work was to be found in his colored chalk drawings, in which he revealed himself in all his tenderness and sorrowfulness as one who lived in this world and yet was not part of it—drawings of single heads or of two heads facing one another: e.g., "Jesus and Mary Magdalen" and "The Virgin and the Angel of Annunciation." Then there are his beautiful pencil drawings, illustrating the *Book of Ruth* and the *Song of Songs*, which have the subtle charm of a mystical music.

But for circumstances, combined with a weakness of character, Solomon might have accomplished more and made for himself a brilliant name in the annals of art. It was his misfortune to have been born in a country and an era which frowned on all deviations from the normal and severely punished the transgressors. Nor was it to his advantage that he became attached to Swinburne, who apparently introduced him to homosexual and sadistic practices. The Victorian world was shocked by tales of orgies celebrated by Swinburne and his friends, the handsome and unstable Solomon among them, who burning the candles at both ends, did not care whether everyone in their group was strong enough to take all the exciting combinations of art, sex, drink, and drugs.

Whatever his personal affairs, he at least, for a number of years, worked adequately

and regularly sent in canvases that were exhibited at the Royal Academy. For a while, he was almost as popular as Millais, and his black-and-white drawings were widely sought by magazines. But then, before he was forty, deterioration set in. There was an unsavory charge of pederasty for which he was sent to prison. Released from jail, he took to drinking and drugs. Efforts of friends to save him were of no avail.

He continued to draw, selling his work for a few shillings to cheap dealers. The works of this period that have survived show emaciated, brooding faces and indicate that to his very end he retained his astonishing talent. At one time he worked as a pavement artist, and he was even forced to sell matches in the streets in order to obtain what he wanted most—drink and drugs. In his last years he was almost invariably lodged in the workhouse. One day the police found him on the street unconscious. He was taken to his "lodgings" in the workhouse where he recovered, only to die there of a heart attack a few weeks later on August 14, 1905. One recalls the shades of another Jewish artist who also came from a solid family and ruined himself through excesses. But whereas Modigliani perished at the age of thirty-five without having enjoyed any success, Solomon was in the limelight, and had all the success and money he wanted until that turning-point in his career when inexplicable neurotic tendencies in his nature drove him to a life of self-destruction. Yet he was strong enough to endure all the ravages of the life he had chosen, for he lived to be more than sixty.

Today, we no longer judge Solomon on moral grounds. In England and elsewhere one appreciates the poetry and prose of Oscar Wilde and the pen drawings of Aubrey Beardsley solely because of their artistic merits, without censuring these men who had to pay severely for their errors and blunders due to lives they led. Solomon, who was anathema to the late Victorians (including Swinburne, who had led him astray, and who, after his "reformation," could not find words harsh enough to con-

demn his former friend), is now considered one of the more interesting artists of the era. Some of his paintings on Jewish subjects, dramatic, sensitive, and rich in color, are among the best of what is commonly called Jewish art, notwithstanding the fact that the artist, early in life, switched from Jewish orthodoxy to fervent Catholicism. Of great value, too, are his drawings on Jewish themes, works of a delicacy matching the poetry of the anonymous singers of the Old Testament.

There was another Solomon, but he was not related to the three above-mentioned artists. Solomon Joseph Solomon (1860-1927), who signed his works "S.J.S.," was a distinguished portrait painter, and as such a favorite in London society. But today he is mainly remembered for his contributions to the science of warfare. For Solomon, who was made a lieutenant-colonel during the First World War, was instrumental in converting the British army to the use of camouflage and introduced the fishing-net basis for camouflage, a method which became generally adopted.

He was somewhat older than Lucien Pissarro and William Rothenstein whose talents were more original. Born in Paris in 1863, Pissarro, oldest son of the famous Impressionist, became a British subject in 1913, having moved to London in 1902. He became widely known as a printer of superbly-designed books and as a wood engraver, yet was also successful as a landscape painter, and was chosen a life member of the New English Art Club in 1942, two years prior to his death. His paintings are found in all major museums in Great Britain, as are those of Sir William Rothenstein (1872-1945). Alfred Wolmark, a native of Warsaw, came to England in his youth, and celebrated there his eightieth birthday in 1957. Known for his work as a stage designer, potter, and worker in stained glass, Wolmark presented his portraits of famous Shakespearean actors to the Shakespeare Memorial Theater in Stratford-on-Avon. Horace Brodzky, born in Melbourne, Australia in 1885, also came to

England as a young man. A painter by profession, he is also known for his biographies of his late friends, the painter Jules Pascin and the sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. He belongs to the generation of Sir Jacob Epstein, the most famous of living sculptors.\*

A considerable number of artists came into prominence between the two World Wars. Benno Schotz, born in Estonia in 1891, came to Scotland at the age of twenty. He was the first Jew to be elected (in 1937) a member of the Royal Scottish Academy. Schotz is best known as a portrait sculptor. Many artists, such as Mark Gertler, Jacob Kramer, Bernard Meninsky, Isaac Rosenberg, and the above-mentioned Bomberg, were of Jewish, working-class background, the sons of refugees from Tsarist Russia. Born in Bristol in 1890, Rosenberg, like the other four, studied at the Slade School. Though frail physically, he enlisted in the army, was sent to France, and was killed in action in 1918. Better known for his poetry, of which only a small portion was published during his life time, Rosenberg was also a promising painter who was first influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites, but later fell under the spell of Cezanne.

Gertler, who was born in 1891, was a protégé of Sir William Rothenstein. He painted his masterpiece, "The Artist's Mother," (now at the Tate Gallery) at twenty. Despite a successful career, he committed suicide in 1939. Bernard Meninsky was born in the Ukraine in 1891 and soon after brought to Liverpool by his parents. Following his studies at the Slade School, he spent some time working in France and Italy; and, upon his return, became a founding member of the progressive London Group. His lyrical figure-studies in oil and pastel give no hint of his basically melancholy disposition. The artist, who was also a noted teacher of drawing, died in 1950.

Both Jacob Kramer, born in the Ukraine

\* A full article about this artist (born in New York in 1880), written by Alfred Werner, appeared in the Summer, 1953 issue of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM.

in 1892, and the late David Bomberg were associated with Vorticism, a short-lived revolutionary movement derived in part from Cubism and in part from Futurism; it aimed at the destruction of the existing traditions in art. Kramer, who has frequently made use of Jewish subject-matter, is also known as a portrait painter. Edmond Kapp, born in 1890, is a painter, lithographer, and draftsman. He contributed his skill in a similar capacity during the Second World War and in behalf of UNESCO.

Several artists now in their fifties have become widely known in recent years. Emmanuel Levy, born in 1901, has produced psychologically penetrating portraiture. Morris Kestelman, born in 1905, has many theatre sets, costume designs, and posters to his credit. Claude Rogers, born in 1907, is on the teaching staff of the Slade School. The numerous accomplishments of Archibald Ziegler, born in 1903, include the teaching of art history. Sam Rabin, born in 1908, paints boxing scenes and is a teacher of figure-drawing at the Goldsmith School of Art.

Younger British artists include the graphic designer Abram Games, who was born in 1914 and is well known for his war posters and postage stamps, and David Langdon, born in the same year, who is a celebrated cartoonist and has been a regular contributor to *Punch* since 1937. In the early 1920's were born Alfred Daniels, who executed murals for the Hammersmith Town Hall; the sculptress Gisela Koenig, daughter of the writer Leo Koenig; the painter Philip Sutton, whose work is in the Tate Gallery; and the abstractionist painter Sandra Blow, who has exhibited in Paris, Rome, and New York.

After the Nazis came to power in 1933, many artists of Jewish origin sought refuge in England. Some, like the Expressionist painter Ludwig Meidner, born in 1884, returned to Germany after the downfall of the Nazi regime; others, like the portrait painter Joseph Oppenheimer, born in 1876, and the sculptor Benno Elkan, made their perma-

nent home in England. Elkan, who celebrated his eightieth birthday in 1957, became known for the bronze candelabra, fashioned for Westminster Abbey, and the giant menorah, designed and cast for the Knesseth (parliament) in Israel. The famous painter Yankel Adler, of Polish origin, died in England in 1949. Martin Bloch, born in Silesia in 1883, died in England in 1954 after spending years as a teacher at the Camberwell School of Art.

Georg Ehrlich, an eminent sculptor, born in 1897, is teaching at the Hammersmith School of Art. "Alva," born in Berlin in 1901, brought up in Galicia, visited Palestine, and painted many Jewish types; after the last war, he turned abstract. From Czechoslovakia comes Jacob Bornfriend, born in 1904, whose media are oil and tempera. Josef Herman, born in Poland in 1911, achieved fame through his drawings of miners, stonebreakers, farmers, and fishermen. Hans Feibusch, born in Germany in 1898, is a muralist who has decorated many churches. Then there is Fred Uhlmann, born in 1901, who abandoned law for painting. A German Jew who signs his work "Vicky" is one of the foremost political cartoonists in England. His work appears in the *Daily Mirror* and *The New Statesman and Nation*.

Others who came as refugees were the portraitist Erich Wolfsfeld (1886-1956), Kalman Kemeny, born in Hungary in 1899, known for his landscapes and portraits, and Felix Topolski, born in Warsaw in 1907. Topolski is a draftsman noted for his illustrations of works by Bernard Shaw and his satirical comments on current events. Among the sculptors are Fred Kormis, born in Frankfurt-on-Main in 1899, whose stone carvings border on the abstract, and Karel Vogel, born in Estonia in 1897, who became principal of the Sculpture Department at the Camberwell School of Art in 1948 and was commissioned for the Festival of Britain in 1951. Artists of refugee origin who were born in the early 'twenties include the muralist Peter Midgley, the painters Hans

Schwarz, Harry Weinberger, and Henry Inlander, and the etcher Eric Doitch. Widely known also is Lucien Freud, born in Vienna in 1922, a grandson of Sigmund Freud, whose paintings were acquired by the Tate Gallery as well as the Museum of Modern Art, New York. He is noted for his frank, yet lyrical, portraits and nudes, all with a surrealist overtone.

Lack of space prevents me from mentioning a number of promising artists who are still under thirty-five, still learning, struggling, and hoping; but a word should be said about the "Jewish content" of the work of Anglo-Jewish artists, or rather the lack of the "Jewish motif":

Jewish art of the Parisian *Ecole Juive* variety is an infrequent phenomenon in England, partly because the violent expressionism of Chagall, Mané-Katz, and their colleagues is not at all in keeping with the more somber, cooler British tradition in art, and partly because the influx of young artists from the Eastern European ghettos was much slighter.

Emphasis on the Jewish subject matter is, however, stressed in the exhibitions of the Ben Uri Art Gallery, founded in London in 1915 on a non-profit basis. In this gallery are shown works by contemporary English and Israeli artists. The permanent collection contains drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Pissarro, Modigliani, Liebermann, Soutine, Jankel Adler, and other renowned artists of the past. There are lectures in Jewish art, and the facilities are available to a Studio Group which meets there to paint.

The work of no fewer than eighty-nine Jewish men and women was shown at the Tencentenary Exhibition, held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in the fall of 1956. Charles S. Spencer was fully justified, when, in a preface to the catalogue, he declared:

All in all, it can be claimed that Jews have made a valuable and even a unique contribution to the plastic arts of this country.



Martyrs' Memorial Window

PETER HAWORTH

Courtesy Holy Blossom Temple, Toronto, Canada  
Abraham L. Feinberg, Rabbi

# On Killing Geese

By JACOB J. WEINSTEIN

THE "CAMPAIGN" BANQUET is definitely on the way out. It requires physical duress to deliver the quota to one's table. Free tickets to campaign affairs go begging in our old people's homes: the inmates prefer their own conversation. The families of the professionals are willing, but all of them together cannot half fill our major banquet halls. A banquet weariness has entered the bones of the Jewish public. An invitation to a fund-raising affair, with speeches by dignitaries, has been known to drive sensitive people into melancholia or violent hysterics.

The campaign situation is a splendid instance of the cultural creep. The mechanics of serving 1500 or more people has been perfected in our best hotels. They have reduced the time for serving a six-course meal to one hour, allowing for a wide margin of substitutions for the main course and an equally wide margin of late arrivals. This even includes the stately march of the frozen dessert, when the lights are doused and the master chef in his high mitre leads the Levites escorting the ark containing the *pièce de resistance*—the ice cream *eclair* with crushed strawberry sauce.

But it is when the last waiter has walked out with the last coffee cup that the agony begins. On paper it looks harmless enough. The program lists the anthems, the invoker, the dignitary who introduces the master of ceremonies, the three greeters, the message bringer, the musical interlude, the pitchman, the major address of the evening, and, God be thanked, the closing blessing.

Now remember that the affair has been called for 6:00 p.m. and there are always a fair portion of naive or compulsively punctual people who have arrived on time and have nibbled at the bread and relishes in the

stolid assurance that the Invoker will provide a retroactive *Motzi*. These people will have been sitting two and a half hours by the time the speeches are under way. The ancients knew their anatomy when they asked the Lord to be their "rearward." And they had more *sitzfleisch* than we moderns have. Only yogis and flag-pole sitters have the capacity to sit through a long evening.

First of all, the Invoker is more often than not a rabbi who has not enjoyed an audience of this size for quite some time; and so he stuffs into his prayer a condensed homiletical review of ancient verities and current events, bringing the Lord up to date while the people remain on their feet. Then the dignitary who introduces the M.C. is generally a faithful work-horse for the cause, but like Moses, a man of heavy tongue, and tries to overcome the handicap of his supernumerary position by delivering a discourse that will cause his name to linger on the air while the later speeches sap its freshness.

The M.C. is a recent affliction as afflictions come and go in Israel. Television and night clubs have given him powerful prestige. He is supposed to be a glorified traffic cop, guiding the speeches into their proper lanes and offering a nosegay of jocund banter between speakers; and, of course, introducing the speakers and the personages who have been honored with a place on the dais. If the M.C. is a professional, he uses the occasion to warm up some routines that he is planning for his own show.

When the M.C. is an amateur, we are indeed in for it. He has taken the assignment seriously. He has collected a biography of every one at the table. He has devised a little play on their very names. He has diligently consulted Bartlett's *Quotations*, *Great After-Dinner Speeches*, and at least two of the

numerous collections of *Anecdotes for All Occasions*. The amateur M.C. is sometimes a perpetual Bar Mitzvah Boy, frozen in his moment of glory when the Congregation sighed and wept at his: "Today, I am a man." He becomes lost in this delicious recall. But not lost enough! He recites and recites and recites a melange from *Pirke Aboth* and Omar Khayyam; from *Proverbs* and Kahlil Gibran; from *Buber* and Kipling; from *Talmud* and *Time Magazine*. I have seen these M.C.'s rush with bated breath to the microphone, after the unhappy interruption of the speaker, to tell the people what the speaker really tried to say and then anticipate what the next speaker is going to say, not forgetting to cast a few extra pearls from *Palgrave*, *Bartlett*, and *Ausubel*.

Pity then the Poor Message Bringer, generally a man of the cloth. He has been brought in by the "Planning Brains Trust" to keep the evening on a high spiritual plane, so that the people's thoughts will be on higher things and their hearts lifted—a condition conducive to more generous giving. How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of them that bear good tidings! Yes, indeed, the tidings bearer should move in the rarified air of mountains, but he should move. The poet makes the feet beautiful.

Unfortunately the minister or rabbi entrusted with the role of keeper of the spirit generally insists on proving that he is a man of flesh and blood who can tell a story with the best of them and who really knows the hard facts of life. So the spiritual message turns out to be a more literate and less borrowed mixture as before. Realizing a bit guiltily that the cloth has strayed out of bounds, the Message Bringer tries desperately to climb back to the Ark and rings Amos on Job and Isaiah on Ezekiel in the vain hope that his wings will dry off and let him soar to the mountains.

Now at last we come to the musical portion of the program. A paid performer feels that he ought to earn his fee and sings far beyond the time allotted to him. Who wants to hear speeches when he can hear

music? This is incontestable truth to any musician. And laymen, dreading the ordeal of more speeches, feel the same way about it.

Music having soothed the breast of the restive audience, the pitchman is introduced. The way is often made hard for him. The Planning Committee, fearful of scaring the clients, has sanctioned the rumor that there will be no solicitation. Pledge cards will be left at the tables and the pitchman will merely suggest that those who feel like it may subscribe to the cause. The pitchman has, however, been subjected to hours of oratory. Speaker after speaker has made the welkin ring on the cause that deserves our "last measure of devotion," without which our lives would lose their last vestige of dignity. So why let a little promise stand in the way? After all, it ought to be a privilege to give. Who is he to deny that *mitzvah* to the people?

So he beats himself into a froth and moves from the soft sell to hard sell. I have heard one of these lay evangelists speaking for a Union of Synagogues who developed a beautiful, almost lyrical rhapsody on the beatitude of giving, on the soul growth and spiritual glory of sharing, and then come to this peroration: "And just between us, ladies and gentlemen, when we put the cards on the table and let our hair down, it is Uncle Sam who is giving us the money. You sign the check and get the glory, but it is good old Uncle Sam who lets you give it to us rather than to him. Can you get a better deal?" No one seems to have told this dynamic lay evangelist, this man who can quote Scripture with the rabbis and who carries the big clout of the successful man of business, that the largest part of his audience are not in the 50% to 90% brackets.

But save most of your pity for the main speaker! He is the sacrificial lamb, the mute *korban* who sits and waits, not always comforted by Milton's assurance that those also serve who only sit and wait. He is often a very busy man, who has been pressured by friends of the committee on arrangements to tear the time from a heavy schedule. He

has been persuaded to believe that the success of the meeting depends on him, that he has something to say that no one else can say. The Committee on Arrangements, as is often the case with high pressure salesmen, has now convinced itself that with this ace in the hole, a big attendance is assured; and, what is equally important, that the crowd will put up with all the preliminaries to hear the man of the evening.

I have seen these honored scapegoats sweat it out, watching speaker after speaker nibble at their prepared remarks, leaving their manuscripts a thing of stale shreds and pitiful patches. And the audience is even more devastated. They have sunk into a hapless torpor, so surfeited with words that meaning has become fuzzy and communication has completely broken down. How many Silvers and Ebans do we have in our midst who can revive an audience that has been squeezed and beaten into a sullen and sodden state?

What can we do to protect our audiences and, in some measure at least, our visiting speakers? I propose a Coordinator of Banquets and public fund raising affairs for Jewish causes. After all, we have food inspectors to protect the health of the people who eat in public places and *Mashgichim* to protect the religious scruples of observant Jews. There is substantial evidence that many people develop gastric distresses, palpitations, high-blood pressure, debilitating ennui, and suicidal melancholia, in no way related to the quality of the food, but rather a psychosomatic reaction to the speeches. The Coordinator should at first be given wide and stern powers. He must be given the authority to grant permits for these affairs and in this way stagger them so that a conscientious Jew does not forget the taste of home cooking. The Coordinator will then demand that a banquet which bears "no solicitation" on the invitation is really a no-solicitation affair.

The Coordinator must insist on a firm agenda for the meeting at least ten days in advance. The agenda must include the time allotment for each of the participants and

the provision of an effective mechanism for the enforcement of these time limits. A combination bell and light, appraising the audience that the speaker's time is up, has been tested and found helpful. It gives the chairman the moral support of the audience if he must perforce place a restraining arm on the speaker. Electrical shock devices are being perfected for speakers afflicted with mike freeze and/or mike fright. It is hoped that the Coordinator may in the course of time develop a code of banquet procedure. To win public support, it would be advisable for the first year to see that all meetings ended one hour after the dinner is completed. More flexible procedures may develop later. Labor Zionists, Workingmen's Circle, and HIAS affairs might be given a later time limit because of an old tradition among them that any meeting which adjourns before midnight is a flop. A program which properly balances music, entertainment, and speeches could be granted an hour and a half.

The Coordinator and his Committee on Code might develop other helpful refinements. They might, for instance, abolish plugs for politicians, introductions of the people at the dais "who will not address you," and other worthies in the audience. They could establish a firm scale of time allowances and put their seal, like Duncan Hines or *Good Housekeeping*, on all organizations which observe this scale. Here, for instance, is one that has proved practical:

1. Anthem	2 minutes
(a) with Flag Salute (4 min.)	
(b) with Hatikvah (4 min.)	
2. Invocation (with Motzi)	2 minutes
3. Greetings (limited to three)	
2 minutes each	6 minutes
4. Introduction of Speaker	2 minutes
5. Appeal and Collection	10 minutes
6. Master of Ceremonies (total time)	5 minutes
7. Main Address	30 minutes
8. Benediction	1 minute
Total — approximately 60 minutes	

Other helpful by-products of such an authority would be a blacklist of speakers with poor terminal facilities, of pitchmen who

shame their fellow-men, of M.C.'s who "hog" the show, musicians who give un-called-for encores, and people who announce pledges they do not pay.

It might very well be that given the pragmatic bent of the American mind, the office of Banquet Coordinator may become the nucleus of a true community-wide organization. Merely out of an enlightened self-interest and a normal regard for self-preservation,

the Jewish Community may find the technique to save itself from the anarchy, the confusion, and the self-destruction to which it seems to be directed. In the weariness of the flesh that has come to us from the excessive multiplication of words, we may at long last find the effective provocation to create the disciplined community which will truly reflect the intelligence, generosity, and good will of our individual Jews.



*Welcoming the Sabbath*

JOSHUA KAGANOVE

# Notes on Doctor Zhivago

By GEOFFREY WAGNER

THE PUBLICATION of Pasternak's first novel outside Russia assured it "news value" in this country; "it deserves as much international publicity as a Sputnik," exhorted *Publishers' Weekly* as long ago as last March. Meanwhile, the facts of the semi-clandestine publication, possibly the major phenomenon of "the thaw," have now become well known. It is perhaps significant that Pasternak submitted his script just when he did, and at the same time one cannot feel that Feltrinelli would have sold translation rights so widely without believing in or knowing of the author's tacit agreement, despite the subsequent disavowals to the Soviet Writers Union. Until *Doctor Zhivago*\* appeared Pasternak's only book in print in this country was the 1949 (New Directions) *Selected Writings* which, minus one or two of the Deutsch-translated poems, now re-appears as a paper-back under the title of the author's autobiographical fragment which comprises its major portion. It is heartening, for a change, to feel some bond with the Russian mentality and to have this re-assurance that the dye of Western culture is still deep in Russia and the heritage of recent European suffering a common one, made manifest in this tumultuous elegy, for the pattern of familial grief and national decline, with which the narrative is outlined, is one surely shared by all countries in Europe.

So much for the news. What of the literature? Here it is hard to be generous, since in higher interests Pasternak refuses to take into account the devices of the modern novelist's mystery; actually this alone gives his book a remarkable intensity, a purity of pur-

pose read in a culture where novel-writing is so beset with careerism. Yet the book begins as a conventional *roman-fleuve* of Russian life from 1903 on. Marc Slonim believes that "the novel breaks away from the tradition of a well-structured 'flowing narrative.' It creates its own highly subjective form." There are far too many structurally conventional elements to make this defense of *Doctor Zhivago* acceptable to me. Yuri Zhivago and his wife, Tonia, read "War and Peace, *Evgenii Onegin*, and Pushkin's other poems, and Russian translations of Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, and Kleist's short stories." (Since Pasternak has translated Kleist, the autobiographical overtones are here emphasized.) Indeed, only the first half of the novel can be called wholly orthodox, with the expository material carefully built into each section as it advances; there is even, in Chapter 9, the now conventional protagonist's Journal; whereas an appendix of poems by the main character strikes a Gidean note. Then the story degenerates into conversations and the narrative breaks up into scenes, finally taking an arbitrary leap forward to Zhivago's death. In short, the dilemma is that Pasternak consciously ignores technique in this instance. You can, like C. P. Snow in England, grudgingly acknowledge contemporary experiment in the plotting of fiction only roughly to discard it, for in this case your result is per se experiment, of a sort, itself. But, as his autobiography evinces, Pasternak is too refined and sophisticated a writer to retreat in this fashion. He is committed to operating with the full sensibilities of his time. The careful realism of the first part of *Doctor Zhivago* thus seems inconsistent with the philosophical treatment of the remainder. The feeling that the last part of the book has been

\* *Doctor Zhivago*, by Boris Pasternak. Translated by Max Hayward and Manya Harari. Pantheon. 559 pp. \$5.00.

grossly skimmed is re-inforced by the collapse of characterization in it. Larisa here comes to voice views in a dialogue which is little differentiated from Zhivago's; while a characterization of Marina, Yuri's third wife, and a force of some importance in his life, is barely attempted by the author at all, even in an expressionist sketch.

Added to this, too, the style contains old-fashioned tricks, such as those of premonition and foreboding and of authorial omniscience, which seriously hamper our participation in the novel as a work of art. In this category comes the long role of fantastic coincidences. A boy beaten up by a foreman turns up again and again in an absurd mesh of intertwined recurrences; as an officer he becomes a patient with Zhivago in just the one hospital in the whole of Russia where Larisa is serving as a nurse. Olia Demina, Evgraf (Yuri's brother who becomes a general, "a secret, unknown force," symbolizing the new ruler class perhaps), Tiverzin, Misha Gordon, Vasia, Sima, Dudorov, Uncle Kolia, Mikulitsyn, Samdeviatov, and dozens of other characters simply cannot be passed over by their creator; only Kologrivov, an excellent characterization of the new style of "progressive" businessman at the turn of the century, is left to fade out as a symbol of the old commercial society nursing the revolutionary asp to its bosom. Pamphil, a fanatic partisan who represents the utter degradation of the spirit of revolt (and, like Thersites in *The Iliad*, absolute ugliness in the human condition), turns out to have been the one man who killed Gints in a tub of water half a book before; Pamphil finally slaughters his own family and escapes, "fleeing from himself like a dog with rabies."

The attitude towards "Jewishness" in *Doctor Zhivago* demands consideration. Although born a Jew, Pasternak was not educated as one, and displays a lack of knowledge concerning Judaism. He is well versed, however, in the rites of the Russian Orthodox Church. Leonid, his father, had evidently estranged himself from fellow-Jews

until the end of his life when he "returned to his people" and painted some celebrated Jewish contemporaries. Ben-Yishai, writing in the Hebrew *Hadoar* for December 12, 1958, reports that Leonid tried unsuccessfully to influence his son towards his own people; the elder Pasternak was seemingly denounced in both prose and poetry by leading Jewish writers, including the Hebrew poet, Bialik.

According to Nils Ake Nilsson's interview in *The Reporter* for November 27, 1958, Boris regards religion as a "vital feeling" which insures human survival. Despite this desire to subordinate dogma in wider interests, however, *Doctor Zhivago* is overbalanced in its condemnation of Jewry.

The problem is first mentioned by Misha, aged eleven, and later associated, by sympathy, with Yuri. Misha could see no justification in being a Jew, a point he raises in a later conversation following the baiting of a Jew by a Cossack. Misha glorifies Christianity as "the mystery of the individual," and pleads with Jews to forsake their mistaken identity, and assimilate. The theme is taken up still later by Lara, who like Arnold J. Toynbee feels that Judaism is obsolete and meaningless. When Yuri is here asked for his opinion, he remarks that he hasn't thought about it much. The final charge against the Jews is made by a peasant woman, Galuzina, who refers to the Jewish community in her village as a "den of filthy beggars." In this episode reference is interestingly made to Trotsky, called Leibochka by a member of that same Jewish group in possibly the only direct identification of a revolutionary leader in *Zhivago*. In any event, such a term would be highly improbable at the time since, very generally speaking, the Russian Jews were then in a phase of desiring to forget that Trotsky was a Jew.

To me Pasternak's attitude is fairly typical. The most persistent attack is made by a Jewish character. The hero, a Russian Catholic, is deceptively non-committal. Jewish anti-Semitism, rife among German Jews at the time, is possibly mirrored and it should,

finally, he said that one view has it that Pasternak is not denouncing Judaism at all, but praising the perseverance of the Jew in the face of adversity! If so, he is praising with emotionally persuasive damns.

Apart from the many don't-shoot-he's-your-father co-incidences of this type, the plot is anchored on the re-appearances of a hypersensitive called Pasha Antipov who turns into his opposite, a Commissar "Strelnikov," meeting Zhivago at crucial points and finally killing himself on Yuri's (temporary) doorstep, so that the latter's ultimate death near the Antipov house rounds out, and replies to, the unreality. It but remains to remark that "Strelnikov" was, of course, Lara's husband. More sexual than political, Komarovsky is another key character in this way; he is a force of evil who makes old Zhivago drunk before his train suicide, seduces Lara, tells Yuri that he is marked for destruction, and tricks Lara into going with him at the end. Moreover, the story gets lamentably vague, as if Pasternak had lost all interest in it as a novel: we are suddenly told that Lara had a "three-year-old daughter" called Katenka; we know next to nothing of Yuri's wound; it seems incredible that Dudorov could occupy two university chairs so soon after graduating; and one doubts that, even in Russia, a "psychiatrist" could wield the legal weight he is here given so early in the century (though this may be a matter of translation of terminology).

For these reasons, and because Zhivago himself reflects more than once on the "Spanish-novel" nature of the co-incidences in his life, I can only take it that Pasternak intended these, symbolically, as manifestations of the unifying and over-riding life-force. Far from feeling that these tie-ups show "the intricate ingenuity of the author," as Harvey Swados has maintained, I feel sure that Pasternak meant them to represent something of the triumph of this predestinating principle over the chaotic absurdity and irrelevance introduced by the revolution; thus Dorothy Van Ghent calls the co-incidences in Dickens's work "the violent con-

nection of the unconnected. Life is full of violent connections of this sort." It is precisely in this spirit that, in the trolley before he dies at the end, Zhivago reflects on "a gray-haired old lady" whose course parallels his, only at a different speed, in what he calls a "hippodrome of life." Despite this, and the distinct elation in the prose at these manifestations of unity in the universe, there is an aesthetic weariness in excessive coincidence in the novel; and this strongly contrasts with the fine nature descriptions and the marvellously perceived scenes, handled realistically, as when Larisa and Komarovsky exchange glances over the death-bed of Madame Guishar (another suicide), or when Yuri visits a woman afflicted with typhus in a stuffily over-furnished room, or when the partisans of the "Forest Brotherhood" brutally execute the vodka brewers. This same imbalance dogs the characterizations, for these are deployed concurrently as "round" and "flat" in Forster's sense, as individual human beings and as postulates or forces of society. The comparison between Pasternak and Joyce Cary, made in the full-page review in *The Times Literary Supplement*, seems to me, therefore, misleading, to say the least. Cary's dramatizations of the life-force, if they can be dignified with the term, are dogged by the artificial; his books reek of *literaturshchina*. It is the sense of mystery and cosmic destiny that gives even the clumsiest pages of *Doctor Zhivago* their freshness and importance.

The insights into social movement (at which Cary was passably good) are actually superficial here. The implicit judgments of revolutionary politics have been made so often before. The repository of intelligence, the doctor who does not even bother to practice in the new society and who is finally ridiculed by his old servant ("All that learning, and where has it got you, I'd like to know?"), is stifled in a trolley-car by an uncaring mob. In the same way, Pasha is used to exemplify a socially commonplace idea ("he had handed himself over to a superior force, but a force that is deadening and piti-

less and will not spare him in the end"); and finally, in the last episode as such in the book, Tania, the natural daughter of Yurii and Larisa, tells her story—the fruits of true love are smothered by the new barbarism. The loathing of living by slogans ("People imagined that it was out of date to follow their own moral sense, that they must all sing in chorus"), the "middle-man" depiction of Yurii—all fail to carry any conviction of revelation. There are passages of social criticism that simply belong to a cruder book altogether—one signed by Arthur Koestler, say, as when we read that "Hooliganism was considered a sign of black reaction in the Soviet zone, while in the White zone it was regarded as Bolshevism." Moreover, in the anti-populism of the book lies what is left of the "experimental" Pasternak, the man who grew up admiring the author of "A Cloud in Trousers" and *Mystery-Bouffe* (re-praised in *Doctor Zhivago*), a verbal juggler contemporaneous with Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis and, even, *Hsin Min Chu Chu I*, by Mao Tse-tung. Thus it is "the worst orator of the lot who received the most applause" at the start of Pasternak's revolution, and so on.

Alongside the Christian socialism of *Doctor Zhivago* (which doubtless would have been labeled "banal sob-stuff" by the atheist Mayakovsky of the early twenties), the novel inherits aesthetic tendencies from those Bohemians of the Café on Nastasiynsky Pereulok: Khlebnikov, Burlyuk, the aging Vasia Kamensky, the painter Repin, Nikolai Aseyev, even Biedni, Zharov, and that "Jesuit of words," as Mayakovsky called him, Kruchenykh—all of whom were intellectually participants in a revolution of literary language with their European colleagues further west.<sup>1</sup> (Compare Hugh MacDiarmid's fascination with a poet so politically removed from him as E. E. Cummings.)

But in *Doctor Zhivago* Pasternak has limited ideological content to the confines of the conventional *roman-fleuve* and created further fictional problems still in the pervasive, central viewpoint, since this itself is in

process of development. To some extent this difficulty is instinctively met by the refraction present between Zhivago-as-author and Zhivago-as-the-author-sees-him. But the novel tries to define itself alongside the growth of an entire community; we are compelled to read from within the maelstrom, as it were, and this at once makes Zhivago hard to judge and yet lends the work high seriousness.

What is the unifying conception that drives it on, then? Here I had best say that Pasternak's early poetry (where it is not colored by the *budetlyane*) reminds me of MacDiarmid's best writing in *Sangschaw* and *Penny Wheep*. In the nature lyrics of both there is the same close communion between experience and myth, between stark reality and a traditional wisdom involving all human ecology. It is most difficult for an urban dweller to respond to this kind of poetry, since its effects entail a sensibility to the whole of man's nature quite foreign to either hack reviewer or academic critic today. Our intelligentsia is an urban one, and for this reason perhaps MacDiarmid is only known by the far inferior work he has done since those two jewel-clear books, just as Kazantzakis does not get his true deserts either. In *Doctor Zhivago* it is notable that all the organs of Communism are city-bred—men lost "in a torrent of words, superfluous, utterly false, murky, profoundly alien to life itself." I well remember meeting MacDiarmid in Scotland a few years ago when he had just returned from a visit to Russia. He told me that his every request there had been granted with one exception—namely, that he might see Pasternak. Obviously anyone will be referred to the doghouse in Russia who shares Zhivago's transcendentalism, who feels that "sublime joy in the total design of the universe." This urge is so profoundly inimical to the immanent creed which Communism has become that Pasternak has Zhivago exclaim, "I don't know a movement more self-centered and further removed from the facts than Marxism." The "facts" are that man is committed to the superior loyalty to a soul, as Uncle Kolia, who carries the

pantheism of the first sections, repeatedly maintains that "communion between mortals is immortal." Man has a soul; he is at one with nature, which itself reverberates to the course of history. ("He reflected again that he conceived of history, of what is called the course of history, not in the accepted way but by analogy with the vegetable kingdom.")

Of course, the liberal, anti-populist mysticism of Yurii may be a criticism by Pasternak of the Trotskyist mind, of an artist like Orozco, for instance, but frankly I doubt this. Lenin, according to Mayakovsky,

"grasped the earth  
whole,  
all at one go,  
saw that  
which lay hidden  
in time."

In the finale to the *Lenin* poem, indeed, Mayakovsky believed in "one human commonwealth, without any Russia, without any Latvia." The turn of events forced Mayakovsky to relinquish this view, and kill himself;<sup>2</sup> but Pasternak has evidently attempted to maintain its vision, and that splendid simplicity of spirit which went with it, under the aegis of Christian socialism, including the less happy aspects of this belief which involve him here in passages directed against Jewish separatism. All this seems hard for anyone to understand who has not lived through a social convulsion of the order of the Russian Revolution; but I cannot help feeling that this new extremism in Pasternak's mentality is well clarified by Edward Crankshaw when he writes:

The only thing the Russians themselves are certain about is that at some time, for a few years, they lived alone with the truth about humanity, undisguised. And although, as if to blot out the memory of this experience, they have acquiesced in a new and brazen set of lies, the best of them do remember, and feel that this glimpse of the truth not only confers upon Russia a spiritual advantage over people like ourselves (whose manipulation of half-truths, a tight-rope act across the centuries, is the finest achievement of human society to date), but also a special responsibility which has to be met.

1. Of course, in poems like "Homewards" and "Brother Writers" Mayakovsky explicitly scorned aesthetic elitism; but his Bohemianism, the green pencil stripes down his face, and the whole sense of his Paris poems are to confer another kind of dignity on the artist. (See Bezimensky's poetic rebuke, "Poem About Love," after Mayakovsky's death, or Belinsky's review of Lermontov's *A Hero of our Times* in his *Otechestvennaya Zapiski*; compare, finally, J. Stalin's remark on the poet's death that "Mayakovsky was and is the most talented poet of our Socialist epoch and indifference to his memory is a crime!" *Sic transit*. . .)

2. I have remarked the re-iteration of suicide in *Doctor Zhivago* above. Although in *Safe Conduct* Pasternak says of Mayakovsky that "we were looking for different things in art as in life," he seems to have felt very close to him, and was no doubt profoundly shocked by his suicide which, coming after those of Andrey Sobol, Kuznetsov, and Serguey Yessenin (who wrote a death-note in his own blood), struck a body-blow at Soviet cultural prestige. Strangely adumbrated in A. Marienhof's *Novel Without Lying* of 1928, this suicide was Mayakovsky's second attempt at his own life, however. He had always been interested in Gorky's Kononov.



Welsh Miner

JOSEF HERMAN

## POEMS TO MY WIFE

By SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

## Rejection

That night he slept in fogging pastures  
Like an owl enclosed against night winds;  
Kin to creatures of nature's wild anatomy  
He found his sleep strange, his contact—odd.

Bewildered in this green, disordered place  
They ambushed his leaping, sleeping eyes,  
Joining huge, engulfing lines of rain  
To frame the savage, compelling dark.

But knowingly, strangely, he slept like a child  
In the rough areas of God's domains;  
The serpent of night's sin-scented acres  
Slept a wrinkled sleep beside him.

## The Bride of December

She saw seven birds attenuate in air  
High above the swelling frost;  
Noble and intimate, their jagged beaks  
Configured in the embrace of space  
Lost in nature's sudden wedding.

Her new-set tears were soft in sleep  
As flakes of white redressed the sky,  
Weightless through night's limpid places  
A ballet penetrated the falling snow  
And the world was a wedding of feathers.

But summer was still upon her breath  
As she waltzed through the snow's new heart,  
Expanding in silences, her feathered words  
Were fragilely freighted in the frost of night  
Lost in the seasons between summer and snow.

## Devotion

In this capitol of bright decay  
The encrusted slice of afternoon  
Is welcomed into your Biblical Laughter.  
There will be silence before breaking bread,  
Then man's Expectation.

The natural hunger of the angels  
Is not at all like ours;  
Love, as we know, is Celebration,  
Bursting everywhere in cosmic windows  
Through evening's ritual eye.

The luminous bird and the naked candle  
Select the places of our prayers;  
Its winging vision appears to threaten  
The Eternity of heaven's measure.  
The sun rejects intrinsic treasures.

Now the moon becomes a jewelled knife  
Sensitive to all our mysteries,  
Impaling delicately each speeding star  
Then yielding to the body's flesh  
In palisades of devotion.

## The Earthy Wedding

Oh Lord! the rabbi, so God-eyed  
In whisper and truth,  
Embalms the devil  
Liquid in my thirst.

In sub-let shades of Eden  
He wanders, the edges  
Shaping a dubious moon  
Below the crossing winds.

The snow is like running sheep  
In alternating perfections,  
So confusing to my relatives  
Who dance identically.

Heaven now is everywhere:  
The ancient wine,  
The promised fish,  
The riotous music . . .

The lofty soprano soaring  
Seals secrets within my flesh;  
Now and forever I accept you  
For the animal of Night.

# Mottele Berger's Horse

By HERMAN M. WEISMAN

MOTTELE BERGER, the junk peddler, deposited under the seat of his wagon his bag of grape-jelly sandwiches and thermos bottle of tea his wife, Bessie, had prepared for him and, shading his eyes as he looked up at the sun in the blue and agate sky, scratched the neck under his beard. Mottele shook his head. It was going to be hot. He removed the dry burlap sacks from the wheels of the wagon, and examined the gray spokes to see whether the previously wet sacks had helped them. His lower lip stuck out comically and his brows contracted into one straight line as he mused from one wheel to another. With a helpless shrug, the old man folded the burlap sacks and threw them into a corner of the shed. He took two battered, galvanized pails and filled them with water from a faucet at the side of the house. Wet, irregular lines charted the route to the barn as his small figure moved hurriedly.

"Nu, imp, drink!" he addressed an old, lean, brown horse. The animal put his head first into one pail and sucked the water noisily, and then into the other pail. The man ran his hand from the spare hip of the animal down the flank and ankle to the hoof. He rubbed the leg for a moment. The horse was becoming lame and Mottele was worried.

"Give here," he said in Yiddish as he lifted the leg. The horse turned a patient dripping face towards the man. The pink patch on his nose twitched delicately. Mottele sighed. There was no question about it. He would be lucky if the animal lasted him through the summer. His eye caught the shoe. Mottele's tongue clucked reproachfully, "Aie, devil. A pair of shoes lasts me three years and you, not even three weeks."

Mottele Berger went out of the barn and

returned with a hammer. He fussed with the shoe and hoof for several minutes, then drew a deep breath and let the sigh come out slowly. He gave it up as a bad job.

"Finished?" he asked. The remains of the second pail left a dark ungeometric spot on the ground. Mottele replaced the pails in the shed, and the hammer under the seat of the wagon. He returned to the barn. "Ready?" he asked. The horse kicked the flooring of the barn with his good leg. "Good." Mottele replied. "But wait a minute." Carefully and laboriously he rolled himself a dry, economical cigarette. He smoked reflectively and with much pleasure till the butt burned his thumb and forefinger. "Now to work!" he said in Yiddish. Mottele harnessed the animal, got on the wagon, and drove off. . . .

Mottele Berger squinted humorously at the cruel burning sun through a tear in his large canvas umbrella. The June sun, which was a low brilliant circle at eight o'clock when the old man had started his rounds, was now, at two o'clock, high overhead, a flaming, blinding mass.

"The devil in Gehenna is colder than I am," Mottele reflected. "And you, devil, he turned to the horse with sarcastic affection, 'You're hot, hah?' The horse turned his pensive head half-way about and gave him a wistful, horsey look.

"Nu?" Mottele questioned mockingly in Yiddish, "what do you want, you devil? Why are you looking at me? Do I get pleasure riding in the sun? Do I like it? Wouldn't I like to be home now, splashing in my Friday bath?—Aie, aie!" Mottele interrupted himself. "That would be a pretty thing. 'Nu?' Bessie would say," he began imitating his wife. "'Home so early? You made something?' Then what could I tell her? It's hot like the devil. No one wants to sell his junk

today. No one, not even a mad dog is home. Or," he added sarcastically, "should I say the horse, the devil, wants a vacation today? The horse is a union man. On hot days it works half a day. Go do it some thing.—Aie, aie, yi—you know what my beautiful, good, sweet Bessie would do?" He paused ominously to give the horse time to get full significance of what would be in store for them should they return early empty-wagoned. The look of appeal in the horse's tristful eye remained. Mottele humorously cocked his own grizzled face in imitation. "Don't look at me," he laughed. "It won't help you a bit. While women are women and need money to run the house, we men must work, and burn, and suffer. What can we do? Foolish one, a few more hours and we're home with a nice Friday-night supper. And tomorrow—we rest! So gidyap, you devil." The man touched the horse with his reins and clucked encouragement. The horse moved slowly through the alley, his left rear leg limping slightly.

"Rags!" Mottele called in a beautiful, sorrowful voice. "Rags! Any old rags today? Rags! Any old rags today?"

"The devil alone knows where they are today," he said as he wiped the perspiration from his face with an old cambric handkerchief. They reached the end of the alley of that street. To change his luck, the old man decided to try a new one. They rode several blocks east, then turned up a new alley.

The alley was deeply furrowed and rutted; the wagon danced up and down. "Rags! Any old rags today?"

"Devil, you have chosen a nice alley," Mottele addressed the horse. Again the animal turned a sorrowful eye to his master. The pink patch on his nose quivered. "What?" the old man asked comically. "You're tired? You're old? I'm older than you. You're not even twenty and I am an old man of sixty-three. Nu, move on, or I'll give you something in the ribs."

But the horse stopped in the middle of the alley and looked at his master. Mottele smiled and shook a finger at the horse. The

horse answered with a wistful nod. Berger's grizzled face filled with love. With the sigh of a philosopher, he shrugged his rounded shoulders. Mottele lifted his arms in a humorous appeal. "Nu, my beloved creator, what does one do in such a case?" The horse snorted coquettishly. "Imp," Mottele warned. "Why look at me? It won't help a bit. I'll take my whip to you. Nu, so be so gracious and give yourself a move. What are you thinking next?"

The horse swished his tail and whinnied; his right eye had the profoundest sadness.

"Just like that?" the old man queried humorously. "You want to hold a discourse? A debate? Commence! Nu, golem, say what you have to say." In his daily, weary rounds, Mottele dispelled loneliness in long discourses with his horse. These talks cheered him greatly; it seemed that the horse enjoyed them, too, and understood his words.

The animal, in reply, swished his tail, kicked at the ground, and snorted. Mottele cocked his head and stroked his beard profoundly, trying to find a worthy answer to the horse's eloquent contention. The deep significance in the argumentation of this formidable adversary seemed to overwhelm him. He sucked at a back tooth as he rocked himself back and forth in a preponderant way. Then a mischievous glint stole into the old man's eyes. He pushed back his derby and raised an eloquent index finger—

From behind, like a surreptitious burst of gunfire came a sudden roar and swift whirl of a motor moving upon them, accompanied by a frightening shriek of a horn. The old man inadvertently pulled the horse to the left. The hot rod whizzed past them. The frightened animal reared and broke into a run. The man tugged at the reins and called to the animal, but the horse continued his gallop over the bumpy alley road, jolting wagon and man. The furrows and holes were deep and the wagon bounced high. Mottele's hat flew through the air. He pulled at the reins with all his might. The horse reared and kicked. As the lame leg came down

again, it caught in a crevis of the paving. The animal fell.

Mottele sank back on the seat, his hand to his heart.

"Imp, you got frightened," Mottele laughed. "The bandit. He frightened me, too."

Mottele sat up. He noticed that the horse was lying down. Mottele Berger's heart pounded again. The animal was atremble and breathing hard. Mottele, full of apprehension, dared not get down to investigate.

"So you've sat down?" he asked. "That's nice. Be so gracious to get up. Nu?" The horse turned its head about. There was a new look in its eyes. Mottele pulled at the reins. The animal's body quivered. "So that's the story? You sit down and that's that. A pretty thing. On strike. Fine. Nu, enough. Get up!" Berger said impatiently and pulled the reins. The animal got up on its front legs and almost succeeded rising; however, as the horse tried its weight on its hind legs, it groaned and lay down again. The old man got down quickly, and seizing the bit and head harness frantically, he tried to pull up the animal. With the man's help, the horse again sought to rise, and once more as the weight came down on the rear legs, the animal moaned painfully and buckled under. Its left leg was broken.

Another peddler came through the alley. He drew up curiously. "What's the matter, landsman?" he asked. Mottele motioned helplessly towards the trembling animal. He bit his lower lip; he could not speak.

An eight-year old, playing train, chug chugged into the scene. His interest immediately changed. "What's the matter, Mister?" he asked excitedly. "Is your horse dead? Hey, Petey, Ellen, guys, look't the horse!" The alley was filled rapidly with children and curious on-lookers.

The other peddler examined the horse professionally. "A bad business," was his judicial pronouncement.

"He sat himself down," Mottele said bewilderingly.

With the peddler's help, the animal again

attempted to rise. The veins swelled in its face; one could see the swift movement of the blood flow through them like a rapid river flowing through its estuary into the sea. It was a last effort. The crowd looked on silently. A burning, salty film covered Mottele's eyes. His heart pounded till it hurt excruciatingly, and his legs felt weak. The horse floundered. Mottele tried to speak to it. The animal fell. The pink patch on its nose twitched.

The peddler put his hand on Berger's shoulder consolingly. . . .

"You're home something early," Bessie said.

Mottele put the thermos bottle on the small shelf next to the sink; he stayed there, his back to her, his hands resting on the sink's rim. Bessie, in the full glory of the steam and aroma of her cooking, was at the stove; watery beads, condensing on her fat face, stirred the boiling pot with the Friday night chicken. She measured some salt into the palm of her hand, strewed it into another pot, stirred, then tasted the contents. Bessie's face showed approval. She skimmed the water of still another pot and crossed to the sink with the scum.

"I haven't even lit the gas stove for your bath, Mottele. You want to light it yourself? I have yet a lot of work."

Mottele leaned silently on the sink. Bessie wheezed as he bent down for a can of Bon Ami. She had almost finished polishing the candelabrum before she noticed her husband was still at the sink.

"Mottele," she said in an annoyed voice, "you want to light the gas stove? I have yet so much work."

Mottele put a hand absently into his vest pocket for a book of matches. He went out of the room and returned as silently as he had left. He sat down at the kitchen table, his face resting in the palm of his hand. Bessie put an opaque film of Bon Ami on the mirror above the sink and on the glass doors of the cupboard. She looked at the clock on the stove. The small hand was on four, the larger on two. Bessie clasped her

hands shut with a loud bang. "Oy, the kugel!" she cried. She opened the door of the oven, but quickly withdrew her hand. She brought it to her mouth and made a sucking noise, while her face screwed up in a look of pain. "Aiel!" she said. Taking a towel off the back of a chair, Bessie reached in again and brought out a browned kugel, sizzling with twang and flavor. Bessie's round face glowed proudly as she held the kugel before her husband. Mottele's face remained in his palm. His eyes looked up at her absently, then looked down again. "Nu, tell me, Mottele," Bessie demanded, "have you ever seen such a noodle kugel in your whole life?"

Bessie received an unexpected answer. Her husband put his face in his hands and sobbed.

"Mottele, what happened?" screamed Bessie. She dropped the kugel and shook him by the shoulders. "Mottele, dear one, tell me what happened to you?" She knelt before him. He looked at her; his grizzled, contorted face seemed more wrinkled than ever before.

"The horse is dead."

"What horse? What are you saying?" Bessie wanted to know.

"My horse—our horse. Is no more."

"Are you all right?"

"I? What could be the matter with me?"

Mottele asked impatiently.

"What? Who then? When?" Bessie asked questions in rapid, feminine succession.

Bessie listened to Mottele's recounting of the events, sighing here and there or interjecting a question or sometimes an exclamation. At the end of the narration, she said philosophically: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Foolish one," she comforted, "as long as you are all right. We'll manage somehow and get another horse."

"I had him ten years," Mottele said sadly. "He was like a child."

"A child!" Bessie laughed good-humor-

edly. "Foolish one, I needed a child like that!"

Mottele Berger looked at Bessie. Bessie read the look, and suddenly a great warmth for the little old man filled her enormous bosom. She put her arms impulsively about him and kissed him.

Mottele wiped his cheek in embarrassment and said, "Aie, what are you doing?" Bessie could not control her smile. It grew into a laugh so full, her whole bosom reverberating with it.

"What are you laughing at?" Mottele asked crossly. Bessie stopped.

"Go take your bath. I'll turn off the gas myself," she said. "I'll leave your new union suit at the door."

Mottele went into the bathroom. He rolled himself a fat cigarette, the last he would smoke till sundown Saturday. He tested the hot water. It was steaming hot. He put the stopper in the tub and let the water run. A hot, foggy steam soon filled the small room. Mottele sat down on the toilet seat and undressed slowly, smoking his bulgy cigarette. He had a feeling of peace and contentment.

Mottele tested the water in the tub with his fingers. He turned off the hot tap, and turned on the cold one. The steam began to condense on the walls and on the full-length mirror on the door. Mottele took his old underwear and wiped the wetness from the glass. Suddenly Mottele stopped. He saw the reflection of a very old man with a lean, emaciated brown body and deeply furrowed face. Instantly the vision of a shabby, brown, bony-ribbed animal came to him. Mottele let the underwear fall. In a panic, he wanted to run and call to Bessie. He put his hand on the knob of the door.

"I'm putting your union suit by the door," came a friendly, loving voice.

Mottele's hand relaxed. He looked again at the lean, old figure in the mirror.

Berger put one foot into the tub, and then the other.

# West-Germany's Second Denazification

By ELEONORE STERLING

THE RECENT TRIALS of Nazi criminals have re-awakened the German people's conscience. Voices became more and more frequent, expressing the fear that "the murderers still are amongst us" and urging punishment of those who committed crimes in Hitler's service. Editorials pointed with indignation to the fact that thirteen years after the war numerous criminals have not yet been brought to justice. Following concentration-camp doctor Eisele's escape to Egypt last June, right from under the noses of Munich's police and prosecution officials, the public's patience was almost at an end. Organizations of Nazi victims, politicians, clergymen, and journalists vied with each other in protesting against the lax and arbitrary manner in which Nazi criminals have thus far been brought to justice.

As the Einsatz-Commando trial in Ulm of ten former members of the Gestapo and Security Service, accused of five-thousand-and-one-hundred-and-eighty-six-fold murder, drew to a close in August, an article appeared in the "Stuttgarter Zeitung" that caused some sensation. The article, penned by Stuttgart's Attorney General Dr. Nellmann, recommended the creation of a central commission to investigate Nazi war crimes and the pogroms against the Jews. A few days later Federal Minister of Justice Fritz Schaef-fer told newsmen that he would support such a project; and when the provincial ministers of justice met the first week in October at Bad Harzburg to discuss judicial problems, they decided to set up an interstate commission for the investigation of major war criminals not yet brought to justice.

German public reaction toward this measure was manifold. In general, the project was lauded as a means of "cleaning up once

and for all" those crimes committed during the Nazi period and "of disposing of the job quickly," as Baden-Wurttemberg Minister of Justice Haussmann told reporters. As a matter of fact, the desire "to get back to normal" by "rooting out" Nazi culprits has become almost an obsession in Germany during recent months. This urgent desire has been coupled with the clamor "to get tough" with criminals, even going so far as to call for the re-introduction of capital punishment in the Bundesrepublik. It might be said, indeed, that the German people's conscience, since the end of the war, has oscillated in an opposite direction. Contrary to the attitude prevalent after 1945, when the song "Wir sind alle, alle Engel" ("All of us are angels") was popular, the German people today apprehend criminals among themselves wherever they happen to turn. It has become something of a compulsion "to weed out" criminals. The hardness of language in which this has been expressed is symptomatic in itself, showing that the motives are not altogether truthful and humane. The observer is even at times reminded of the Nazis' aim "to root out all undesirable elements" so as to form a congenial German "Volk." The Frankfurt boulevard paper *Die Abendpost* had an uncanny feeling about this development, declaring recently: "Our bad conscience must not make us so overly eager that we become night-watchmen, who want to give proof of their readiness to serve righteousness by industry and clamor."

Nevertheless, there were many persons in political life and in the judiciary who scrutinized the problem with calm objectivity. They acknowledged the genuine advantages the central commission will provide. Above all, it was pointed out, the commission will

make possible the co-ordination of criminal investigations, although it is still not certain whether the commission, to be set up in a few weeks' time in Stuttgart, will have at its disposal an index file of all previous Allied and provincial German trials of Nazi criminals. Truly, many Nazi criminals have thus far been able to evade punishment because the local offices of prosecution have not been aware of their residence in the territory under their jurisdiction, and because legal provisions in the provinces were at variance with each other. The progress of investigations was hampered because questions of competence between the various authorities were not cleared.

There were also groups who campaigned against the project. They were apprehensive that the creation of the commission would mean a "second de-nazification" in Germany, and that persons, sentenced previously by Allied tribunals, might now be tried in German courts a second time for the same crime. Thus far, the German public has not been instructed adequately as to the extent to which these fears are basically unfounded. The apprehension that the creation of the war crimes investigation commission would bring about a "second de-nazification," i.e., a second series of "political trials," does not have legal foundation. As a matter of fact, during the recent mammoth trial of Tilsit Einsatz-Commando members it became evident that German authorities were determined in the future to judge Nazi crimes under the provisions of the criminal and military law codes, generally applicable in Germany before, during, and after the National Socialist period. The court emphasized the fact that the defendants were not on trial for "political" reasons, i.e., for their membership in the NSDAP, the SS, the SA, the GESTAPO or the SD, but rather because they had committed crimes punishable under the criminal and military law codes. The prosecution argued that, according to the German Criminal Code of 1941, the defendants were guilty of murder because they had killed deliberately and planfully

without due process of law. They could not plead innocence on the ground that they were merely "obeying orders," because paragraph 47 of the Military Code provided that orders recognized as criminal did not have to be obeyed by subordinates. Nevertheless, the final judgment of the court showed that, in spite of the professed aim to judge Nazi criminals according to enduring German law provisions, political circumstances had to be taken into consideration. The resulting leniency of the verdict may be regarded as a precedent for future trials to be initiated by the investigations of the central commission. The court found that only Hitler, Himmler, and Heydrich could, in the case of the Einsatz-Commando, be termed "willful murderers" under the criminal code; whereas all others can only be termed "helpers" and "accomplices" in the crimes. Thus the court still recognized a "political aspect" of the crime. In other words, it acknowledged the existence of the National Socialist state as circumstantial evidence extenuating the defendants' crimes. Indeed, the Ulm court's ruling that the three top Nazis are mainly to blame in a way makes the Nazi criminals victims of National Socialism themselves. They become "children of their time," as one of the defendants' lawyer put it, caught in the mesh of tragic events, caught in "the cog-wheel of world history." There is a tendency to relativize the guilt, to expand it on the world at large, rather than to focus the guilt as is the usual practice of criminal courts.

The reasons for this trend are manifold: The ordinary liberal criminal law code can apply sanctions against murder, but it founders when it must deal with mass crimes involving an intricate murder machinery and the participation of numerous accomplices, helpers, and underlings. The connection between the will to murder and the actual carrying out of the crime cannot always be found present in one and the same person. Many in-between steps are involved: The ideology is presented, plans are made, measures worked out, orders given, orders obeyed,

in part or wholly. Besides these objective difficulties, which for any liberal law code would cause predicaments, there are subjective problems obstructing the court's impartial perusal of the entangled evidence: There is the human failure to judge crimes so immense; there is also the attempt, even among Germans of good will, to ward off collective guilt complexes for both psychological and political reasons.

The apprehension that the liberal principle "Ne bis in idem" will be violated, if war crimes tried before Allied tribunals will once more be investigated by the central commission and referred to German law courts, is unwarranted. Criminals convicted by Allied tribunals were essentially only condemned for crimes committed against non-German nationals. Furthermore, Paragraph 7 of the German Criminal Code provides that sentences previously imposed will be deducted from the re-trial verdict. As a matter of fact, the Federal Supreme Court in a number of cases, confirmed again in the case of Hinrichs last month, has ruled that occupation law never had internal jurisdiction in Germany. By implication re-trial of Nazi crimes should have been obligatory since 1951 when the court proclaimed this ruling for the first time. In practice the ruling has, however, many times been disregarded by lower courts, as in the case of concentration-camp doctor Hertha Oberhauser. Her plea against a re-trial was granted by the Schleswig District Court on the basis of Grundgesetz, paragraph 103.

It is unlikely that the central commission will initiate mass trials. It will, on the whole, only deal with major criminals. Statutes of limitation, as well as numerous amnesties, have placed the greater number of Nazi criminals beyond the reach of the law today.

There is no doubt that the creation of the central commission will eliminate many obstacles that up to now have paralyzed and hampered the prosecution of Nazi crimes. Nevertheless, it may be expected that new technical difficulties, in the legal as well as in the administrative spheres, will arise. One

of these problems will be the question of competence between the local prosecutor, who is to be in charge of the trial, and the central commission prosecutor, who will conduct the preliminary investigations. The danger also exists that the special commission will contribute to the perpetuation in the popular mind of the opinion that crimes committed during the Hitler period, including anti-Jewish pogroms, were crimes of a special nature to be judged according to extraordinary criteria. These weaknesses and complications may become the alibi of some who wish to hide their prejudices and unwillingness to bring Nazi crimes to justice.

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## THE LATE LOVE SONG

By ARNOLD FALLEDER

*All the sore world*

*Is in her.*

*In her eyes, her arms.*

*All of the peace*

*Is in her.*

*In the days, the moons.*

*All of the people*

*Are there.*

*And the smiles, the lies.*

*All of the time*

*Is in her.*

*All the lights near the sun.*

from

## Sages, Chroniclers, and Scribes

Within the limitations of space assigned to this project, writings and memorabilia centuries old will be published and experiences will be depicted which were of vast and primary importance in the little-remembered, long-ago annals of Jewry and other minorities.—Editor.

THE CORRESPONDENT, No. 8<sup>1</sup>

By JOHN TRUMBULL

IT IS STRANGE that any person should be so infatuated as to deny the right of enslaving the black inhabitants of Africa. I cannot look on silently and see this inestimable privilege, which hath been handed down inviolable from our ancestors, wrenched out of our hands by a few men of squeamish consciences that will not allow them or others peaceably to enjoy it. I therefore engage in the dispute and make no doubt of proving to every unprejudiced mind that we have a natural, moral, and divine right of enslaving the Africans.

I shall pass over the arguments drawn from the gradation of things throughout the universe and the privilege every creature naturally enjoys of trampling upon those

who stand below him in the scale of being. For I must confess, however oddly it may sound, that after a long course of observations upon the conduct of mankind, and many nice calculations upon the magnitude and density of human nature in different latitudes, I am much in doubt whether there be anything in our boasted original superiority.

It is positively foretold in the Scriptures that the children of Ham should be servants of servants to their brethren. Now if our adversaries will but allow these two points—that a prophecy concerning anything that shall be done may be construed into a permission for the doing of it, and that the Africans are the children of Ham, which is plain from their being servants of servants to their brethren—the controversy is brought to a point, and there needs nothing further to be said upon the subject.

Besides, was not the slave trade carried on exactly in the same manner by Abraham and several other good patriarchs, whom we read of in ancient history? Those gentlemen will doubtless be allowed to have been perfect patterns and examples. (N.B. I am not now speaking concerning the cases of divorce and polygamy.)

The whole world is the property of the righteous; consequently the Africans, being infidels and heretics, may rightly be considered as lawful plunder.

I come now to the most weighty part of

1. Reprinted, by permission of the editor and publishers, from *Anti-Slavery Sentiment in American Literature Prior to 1865*, by Lorenzo D. Turner, The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Washington, D. C., 1929, pp. 123-125.

This clever satire on Negro slavery in the United States is the eighth of a series of essays, called "The Correspondent," which appeared in the *Connecticut Journal and New Haven Post-Boy* on July 6, 1770. It never appeared in any of the collections of Trumbull's works, and the journal in which it was published is extremely rare, the only known places where it can be found being the Yale University Library and the Library of Congress. The essay becomes especially significant when one considers the fact that it was written five years before the first anti-slavery society in America was organized in Philadelphia, on April 14, 1775, and before most of the well known abolitionists made their contributions to the anti-slavery movement. The author, John Trumbull (1750-1831), was considered the most talented of the "Hartford Wits."

the argument; and that it may be conducted with due decorum, I desire my readers to lay their hands on their hearts and answer for me this serious question, Is not the enslaving of these people the most charitable act in the world? With no other end in view than to bring those poor creatures to Christian ground, and within hearing of the gospel, we spare no expense of time or money, we send many thousand miles across the dangerous seas, and think all our toil and pains well rewarded. We endure the greatest fatigues of body and much unavoidable trouble of conscience in carrying on this pious design; we deprive them of their liberty; we force them from their friends, their country, and everything dear to them in the world, despising the laws of nature and infringing upon the rules of morality. So much are we filled with disinterested benevolence! So far are we carried away with the noble ardor, the generous enthusiasm of Christianizing the heathen! And are they not bound by all the ties of gratitude to devote their whole lives to our service as the only reward that can be adequate to our super-abundant charity?

I am sensible that some persons may doubt whether so much pains be taken in teaching them the principles of Christianity; but we are able to prove it not only by our constant assertions that this is our sole motive, but by many instances of learned, pious Negroes. I myself have heard of no less than three who know half the letters of the alphabet and have made considerable advances in the Lord's prayer and catechism. In general, I confess they are scarcely so learned; which deficiency we do not charge to the fault of anyone, but have the good nature to attribute it merely to their natural stupidity and dullness of intellect.

But with regard to morality, I believe we may defy any people in the world to come into competition with them: There is among them no such thing as luxury, idleness, gaming, prodigality, and a thousand such like vices, which are wholly monopolized by their masters. No people are more flagrant

examples of patience, forbearance, justice, and a forgiving temper of mind, etc. And none are so liberally endowed with that extensive charity which the Scriptures tell us endureth all things.

I would just observe that there are many other nations in the world whom we have equal right to enslave and who stand in as much need of Christianity as these poor Africans. Not to mention the Chinese, the Tartars, or the Laplanders, with many others, who would scarcely pay the trouble of Christianizing, I would observe that the Turks and the Papists are very numerous in the world, and that it would go a great way towards the millennium if we should transform them to Christians.

I propose at first, and by way of trial in this laudable scheme, that two vessels be sent, one to Rome and the other to Constantinople, to fetch off the Pope and the Grand Signior. I make no doubt but the public, convinced of the legality of the thing and filled to the brim with the charitable design of enslaving infidels, will readily engage in such an enterprise. For my part, would my circumstances permit, I would be ready to lead in the adventure and should promise myself certain success with the assistance of a select company of seamen concerned in the African trade. But at present, I can only show my zeal by promising, when the affair is concluded and the captives brought ashore, to set apart several hours in every day, when their masters can spare them, for instructing the Pope in his creed and teaching the Grand Signior to say his catechism.

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*... I hope the time will come when the laws and literature of the ancient Hebrews will be studied in all of our schools as now are studied the laws and literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and when it will be universally recognized that no man ignorant of the laws and literature of the ancient Hebrews is a well-educated man. . . .*

FRANCIS ABBOTT

# Letters to the Editor...

Dear Editor:

In the winter issue of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM there appeared an article "Scholars on the Dead Sea Scrolls" by N. Mezvinsky. In it he wrote, "Many of Zeitlin's arguments are easily refutable. In a graduate Hebrew seminar on the Dead Sea Scrolls, held for a year at the University of Wisconsin, for example, Professor Menahem Mansoor and his students demonstrated the invalidity of Zeitlin's major positive arguments. Mansoor, who has published extensively on the Scrolls, has offered to present his refutations fully in an article, if Zeitlin, as editor, will agree to accept them in toto and publish them in *The Jewish Quarterly Review*. As yet, Zeitlin has not accepted Mansoor's offer, even though he (Zeitlin) has repeatedly charged, both in print and in lectures, that scholars will not attempt to answer his arguments."

Mezvinsky's statement that I, as editor, did not accept Mansoor's article on the Dead Sea Scrolls for publication in *The Jewish Quarterly Review* is a lie and short of libelous. Professor Mansoor never sent an article to the JQR. As a matter of fact, when he read a paper on Shapiro's Forgery before the Society of Biblical Literature, in 1956, and I refuted his arguments and openly said that the editors of the JQR would publish the paper in toto, I never received it.

I again make the statement that we shall be ready to publish an article by Professor Mansoor on the Dead Sea Scrolls in the April, 1959 issue. I trust that we shall receive it. It is indeed regrettable that such a false statement should appear in worthy publications.

Mr. Mezvinsky wrote, "Many of Zeitlin's articles are easily refutable." Why then did he not refute my arguments against the antiquity of the Scrolls? Judging from his article he is not equipped to do so. Unfortunately many who have dealt with the Dead Sea Scrolls became "authorities" overnight on Rabbinic literature and the history

of the Second Jewish Commonwealth, and lay readers are deceived.

Sincerely yours,  
Solomon Zeitlin

Professor of rabbinical literature Dropsie College,  
and co-editor of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*.

P.S. Copies of this letter are being mailed to Professor Menahem Mansoor and N. Mezvinsky.

Dear Editor:

Professor Zeitlin's concern for accuracy is worthy. It should, therefore, be noted that in my article I did not, as he claims I did, state that Menahem Mansoor had already written and sent to Zeitlin an article on the Dead Sea Scrolls and that Zeitlin then refused to publish it. Rather, I stated that Mansoor offered to write an article for the JQR refuting Zeitlin's arguments in regard to both the Dead Sea Scrolls and the alleged, yet still, unproven, Shapiro forgery. Mansoor issued his challenge specifically in regard to the Shapiro scroll refutations presented by Zeitlin at the meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature in 1956, but I am of the opinion that Mansoor included the challenge to write an article on the Dead Sea Scrolls then as well. Zeitlin writes that after he refuted Mansoor's paper on the Shapiro scroll at that meeting, he "openly said that the editors of the JQR will publish it in toto." Mansoor, however, asked Zeitlin to assure him in writing that the paper would be printed in toto and unedited in the JQR. To my knowledge, Zeitlin has not given Mansoor that written assurance. The question of whether or not Mansoor will now write an article for the JQR on either the Dead Sea Scrolls or the Shapiro scroll is one that I cannot answer.

The last paragraph of Zeitlin's letter is perhaps the most important one. I did not choose to offer refutations to his arguments in my review article, since such a task would require many articles and not just a few sentences of one article. Outstanding scholars, such as Burrows and Albright, moreover,

have refuted many of Zeitlin's arguments in their writings on the Dead Sea Scrolls. That Zeitlin is an authority on Rabbinic literature and the history of the Second Jewish Commonwealth is true. Yet, other authorities in these same areas disagree with Zeitlin and argue for the antiquity of the scrolls. Furthermore, almost all the authorities in the areas of archaeology, orthography, and paleography who have worked on the scrolls attest to their antiquity and thus disagree with Zeitlin. Are these scholars all wrong? Are they deceiving the lay readers? I doubt it.

Sincerely,  
Norton Mezvinsky

In a later letter, Mr. Mezvinsky wrote as follows:

Professor Mansoor has informed me that although he does not agree with Zeitlin in regard to the Dead Sea Scrolls, he offered to write an article for the JQR not upon the scrolls but rather upon the Shapiro story. Therefore, I was mistaken in my article and readily admit to that error, although I still do not believe Zeitlin's criticism to be wholly accurate nor valid on this point.

Since Zeitlin is so insistent about asking for refutations of his arguments, it is probably necessary for me to refute some of the arguments briefly herein:

One of Zeitlin's major positive arguments against the antiquity of the Dead Sea Scrolls is that many terms and expressions found in the scrolls were not used until the Middle Ages. Zeitlin argues, for example, that the word for "order" in the *Manual of Discipline* is of medieval origin. Also, he argues that the word usually meaning "end" is often used with the meaning of "time" in the Dead Sea Scrolls and that such usage also is medieval. Zeitlin argues further that certain terms used to describe the Dead Sea Scroll sect are terms coined by the Karaites, a medieval sect. In this latter argument Zeitlin explains a term that does not actually appear in Karaite literature. He does this by using other words derived from the same root. These other words, however, do not appear in the Dead Sea Scrolls. Zeitlin also asserts that the phrase "Teacher of Righteousness" was invented by the Karaites. This whole argument is simply that certain terms

were not used in pre-medieval writings discovered and studied before the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Damascus Document. Such an argument proves nothing whatsoever, since the Dead Sea Scrolls constitute literary material not heretofore known. Because the Dead Sea Scrolls stem from a different literary category, moreover, the absence of certain terms in Talmudic and apocryphal literature means nothing.

One of Zeitlin's favorite targets for attack is the celebrated St. Mark's Isaiah scroll. Zeitlin argues that if this manuscript were indeed pre-Christian, it would contain the variations found in early rabbinic sources. He lists fifty variants and claims that in every case the St. Mark's Isaiah Scroll agrees with the later Masoretic text instead of with rabbinic sources. He assumes, for no valid reason, that a pre-Masoretic text would be different from the Masoretic text and that the differences would be the same as those found in rabbinic literature. Such assumptions are far-fetched and hardly make sound arguments. That two different manuscripts of Isaiah were found in the same cave indicates that more than one version was known at the same time in the same place. This constituted the need for the Masoretic text. The best analysis and refutation of this Zeitlin argument has been made by Sonne, who not only questions Zeitlin's assumptions but also criticizes his list of variants.

As stated above in the letter, full answers to Zeitlin's arguments would require many articles, and as he has written, I am not equipped to answer all of them myself. (It is doubtful if Zeitlin is equipped to make all his arguments, since to my knowledge no one man has yet demonstrated proficiency in all the following areas: archaeology, paleography, orthography, Rabbinic literature, the history of the Second Jewish Commonwealth, and the science of carbon 14 testing.) Still, there are some of Zeitlin's arguments that I personally feel equipped to answer. Should the editors of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, *The Jewish Quarterly Review*, or any other periodical or journal assure me that my answers would be published, I am prepared to write them. And for those arguments that I am not equipped to answer, I shall mention them and the answers to them

that have already appeared in print, written by authorities of various disciplines. Professor Zeitlin is one who believes in challenges; I have now made mine publicly.

Sincerely,  
Norton Mezvinsky

Dear Editor:

Mr. Mezvinsky's statement in your winter issue that "Zeitlin has not accepted Mansoor's offer 'to publish an article of mine on the Dead Sea Scrolls,'" is inaccurate. I was not informed about it until it appeared in print. This is a regrettable error. I feel sure Mr. Mezvinsky will apologize to Dr. Zeitlin in due course. Mr. Mezvinsky inadvertently confused two issues.

I did tell my Seminar—composed of four-teen graduates, mainly clergymen of several denominations—that Dr. Zeitlin had not accepted my offer to publish my article on *Shapira's scrolls in toto* and without any of his usual "editorial" comments. In fact he did reply saying that he would publish any material but did not say that he would publish it *in toto* and without "additions" as requested. In the 1956 winter issue of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, Mr. Zeitlin published an article by Dr. Oskar K. Rabinowicz, later reproduced in popular form in the *London Jewish Chronicle*, attacking me for reopening the case of Shapira. At the meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature, I believe I showed the invalidity of the arguments advanced by the scholars of the day and by Rabinowicz who repeated their arguments, with Zeitlin's blessing, but without checking the sources. I still repeat my challenge to Professor Zeitlin. If he undertakes in writing to "publish my 40-page fully documented article on the Shapira Scrolls *in toto* and without his or other comments until a later issue" and reproduces this undertaking in writing, as cited above, I shall be more than delighted to send him the article within one week of receipt of such letter from him. Mr. Zeitlin's claim—that he refuted my arguments on the Shapira Scroll at the meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature—is as valid as all his claims in his own *Journal* that no one re-

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futed his arguments. I leave it to the three-hundred scholars who attended that meeting to decide. Moreover, how can Zeitlin refute my arguments when he did not even hear my paper? He entered the hall at the end of my paper and when he began reciting his refutations, the Chairman told him that Mansoor had already replied to all his arguments satisfactorily.

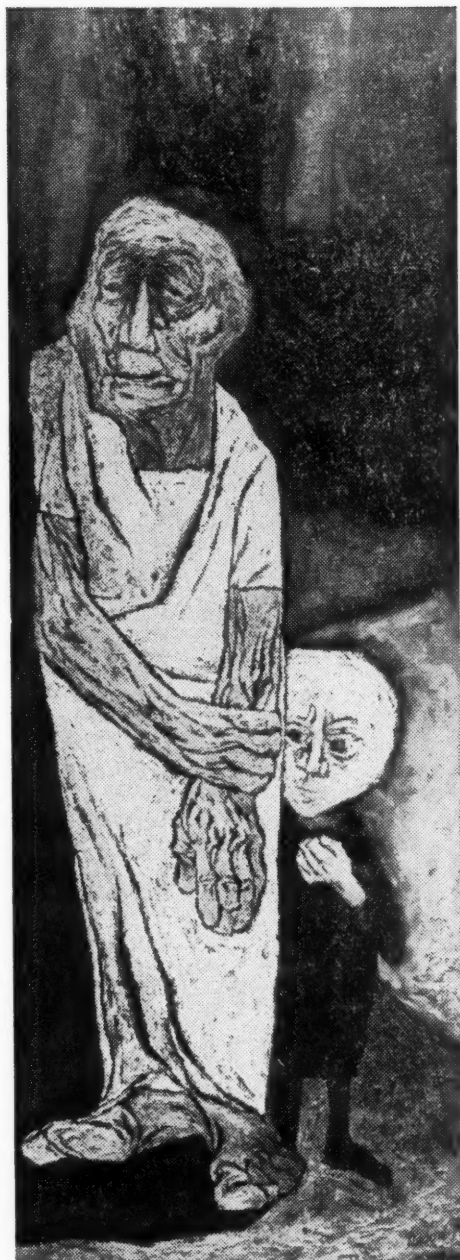
Finally, Mr. Zeitlin's attack on Mezvinsky is unkind, to say the least. Mezvinsky is one of the most brilliant graduates of the Department of History. This is perhaps the very reason why most scholars are not inclined to enter into arguments with Zeitlin through his paper.

I do not intend to enter into further arguments with Zeitlin on this issue. If he means what he says, I hope to hear from him about my offer in writing, as stated above.

Menahem Mansoor, Chairman  
Department of Hebrew and Semitic Studies  
The University of Wisconsin

... There was never a time in Jewish history which called more emphatically for such an introspection than the present. In suffering and destruction, but equally in fulfillment of exalted hopes, the Jewish generation of these days has surpassed all previous experiences. Between the depth of the past and the heights in prospect for the future, the Jew of today may be ready for a dispassionate self-examination. This is indeed the hour to turn over the pages of ancient letters and to listen to the voices of the past. . . .

FRANZ KOBLER  
*A Treasure of Jewish Letters*



The Grandmother

LILLIAN DESOW-FISHBEIN

... I believe that the American in me merges congenially with my Jewish tradition, seeing that the Old Testament was revered by the original colonies as a model and pattern for the individual and the commonweal; and the Jew in me adds an extra dimension to my Americanism, seeing that the difficult but inescapable role of the Jew, by the very nature of his being a persistent minority, has challenged, evoked and defended decency, liberalism and civilization in every society in which he has lived.

I believe that the best hallmark of the Jew and his most valuable credential is his religion; for, as to the rose, which has form and color, fragrance is its quintessence, so to the Jew, whatever else he may be, religion is the quintessence of his historic being. But Judaism is religion in a sense peculiar to itself. The best word for it is Torah. Torah is worship and study, tradition and progress, the letter and the spirit, ethics and ritual, knowledge and character. Torah is as narrow as the fence which must safeguard Jewish self-preservation and as broad as Judaism's outlook on the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the triumph of justice and the enthronement of peace. And Torah can flourish in America if American Jewry wills it.

ISRAEL GOLDSTEIN  
Credo of an American Jew

# BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 179 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

*Generation of Decision*, by Sol Liptzin.  
Bloch Publishing Co. 307 pp. \$3.95.

Let the reader but ignore the misleading title of this book and let him disregard the lyrical evocations of the concluding chapters and he will find himself absorbed in material of real substance. Here is a chronicle of American Jewish life, unfolding its theme with insight, sensitivity, and a laudable brevity. The theme is the transcendent one—the quest for and the retention of Jewish identification in a non-Jewish world.

The author, professor of comparative literature at the College of the City of New York, is admirably equipped for the approach he has adopted. The approach consists primarily in gleaning from American literature of each period clues with regard to Jewish group adjustment. What makes the procedure successful in the hands of Sol Liptzin is his at-homeness in the world of belles lettres, his vigorously affirmative attachment to Jewish values, and his gift for stylistic expression.

Emerging from these pages is the portrait of a community seduced by materialistic pre-occupations and political freedom from ancestral allegiances. Interestingly, the centrifugal pull is exerted upon both ends of the economic spectrum. The assimilationist proclivities of successful Sephardim and Yehudim in the United States are well known, and the virtual disappearance of these populational components provides convincing documentation. But it is well to recall the strong lure of secular radicalism and anti-Zionist internationalism among the East European laboring masses of New York's East Side. In either case, as Liptzin ably demonstrates, there were no strong

Jewish moorings to hold fast those drifting away from the traditional anchorage.

One of the historic ironies underscored by the author is the inadvertent congregating of the rejectors of Jewishness. In turning their backs upon their people and their culture, they did not by the same token win non-Jewish esteem. They merely gravitated into a new ethnic ghetto—a ghetto void of significant Jewish content. Here were the Schulbergs, Golds, Sinclairs, finding much that was despicable about Jewish living—no matter how divergent their philosophies of life—while the Hechts and Waldo Franks indulged in perilous see-sawings. Oddly enough, some of the liberal Christian Americans had a clearer understanding of the compatability of Americanism and Jewishness than the self-hating tribe within the Jewish fold.

Liptzin has rendered a valuable service in assembling the literary allusions to Jewry of American men of letters. These points of view express and tend to re-enforce the Christian mythology about Jews. There are the theological legend of the Christ-killer condemned to eternal wandering and obloquy, the economic legend of the usurer and exploiter, and, on the other hand, the image of the Jew as the divinely elected patriarch and valiant warrior. The defamatory delineation has tended to crowd out the other; and in recent fiction it mars the writing of Thomas Wolfe, Dreiser, and Hemingway. It is also responsible for the ambivalence in the characterizations of writers who, while claiming to be free of stereotyped bigotries (Hearn, Henry James, Henry Adams, etc.) vent their spleen against alleged vulgarities and repulsive traits of Jews actually encour-

tered. It is indeed re-assuring to come upon a Longfellow, Lowell, Twain, Lincoln Steffens, Hutchins, Hapgood, and Reinhold Niebuhr pointing up the positive contributions of Jewry to American life, and thereby exemplifying the possibility of a genuine Christian-Jewish fellowship in the United States.

The general student of American Jewish history will be grateful to Liptzin for bringing forward names heretofore known only to the specialist: Isidor Busch, Abraham I. Jacobi, Eliakum Zunser, Morris Rosenfeld, and the Yiddish literary enclave. He will also find fascinating such tidbits as the promotional role of Hebrew and Yiddish translations of J. H. Campe's German account of the discovery of America in inducing European Jews to seek their fortunes in the New World. But Liptzin is not concerned with the obscure and the quaint. He has a thesis to advance: that is, with the present generation rests the decision concerning a rejuvenation of Jewish culture in America.

Sympathetic delineators of American Jewish life, such as David Pinski, seemed to despair of continued Jewish survival in this country. But an Emma Lazarus and a Ludwig Lewisohn, both heroes of the author, devoted their faith and their talents to resurrecting the sense of Jewish peoplehood and creative accomplishment among their co-religionists. Liptzin, surveying the multi-form agencies of our contemporary community and observing the harnessing of tremendous Jewish energies, sees the overt signs of a potential renaissance. Unfortunately, his socio-economic analysis is weak, as is his psychology of motivation. He confuses what some wits have dubbed the "Jewish edifice complex" with the substance of spiritual renewal. He posits the hypothesis of bi-culturalism without disposing of its several contenders—among others, that American Judaism is strictly a religious communion in the same sense as are Protestantism and Catholicism. He equates curricular offerings of Yiddish at the College of the City of New York with a revival of Yiddishkeit. Above all, he reduces the momentous task of stimulating Jewish creativity—the creativity of an intellectualist tradition in an age mired in know-nothing hedonism, with Jews as "bourgeoisly bemired as their fellow-

Americans—to an act of will." This is a simplistic proposition, and detracts from the scholarly value of the book. Nevertheless, we join Liptzin in his prayerful optimism, hoping that American Jewry will cling to the millennial "tree of life."

ELMER N. LEAR

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*Stride Toward Freedom: The Montgomery Story*, by Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper and Brothers. 230 pp. \$2.95.

The efforts of American Negroes to achieve a greater degree of equality in our democratic society is today, and will undoubtedly remain for some years to come, the nation's basic domestic concern. Any book that can offer insight into this problem and suggest means for democratic solution merits close attention, especially when the work combines a clear description and analysis of community action against segregation together with an account of the author's search for the moral and religious convictions underlying that action. This is such a book.

*Stride Toward Freedom* relates the story of the protest movement of the Montgomery, Alabama, Negro community against the rude and segregated treatment accorded Negroes by the city's bus lines. For example, when all seats were occupied, and a white person boarded the bus, the Negro passenger nearest the front had to release his seat to the white passenger. On December 1, 1955, a Negro woman passenger refused to obey this segregation law and was arrested. The Negro community reacted by organizing a non-violent resistance-boycott campaign against the bus company. This campaign continued successfully for over one year, the Negroes either walking or using a motor-car pool for transportation. The movement ended when the United States Supreme Court ruled bus segregation illegal.

Dr. King, a youthful, aggressive, and socially conscious minister of one of Montgomery's leading Negro churches, was a leader in this campaign. He vividly describes the severe tests that challenged the Negro community during the movement. Particularly difficult, though successful, were the efforts to retain the non-violent basis of the campaign, especially when some white opposition resorted to the bombing of Negro

homes and churches. Although the original demands of the Negro community were minimal (courteous treatment to Negro passengers, ending the requirement to release a seat for a boarding white passenger, and the hiring of some Negro bus drivers), all attempts at negotiation with city and bus-line officials proved futile. Ironically, the court actions that arose out of this campaign ordered complete bus desegregation.

In addition to providing a stirring account of the Montgomery movement and the persons involved, Dr. King discusses the complete panorama of race relations in the South, as viewed by a Christian clergyman who is a Negro. Since he had taken the Montgomery pulpit only the year before, Dr. King's presence in this protest movement was a matter of chance. However, his leadership in shaping the spiritual and philosophical basis of the movement was a matter of training. Son of a leading southern clergyman, educated for the ministry in both the South and the North, Dr. King grew up with a love for the South plus a distinct abhorrence of segregation and its tragic degradation of the personality of all involved, the segregator as well as the segregated.

As a theological student, Dr. King pondered over religion's role in combating social injustice. His studies led him on what he describes as a pilgrimage to non-violence, "a conviction that non-violent resistance was one of the most potent weapons available to oppressed people in their quest for social justice." As practiced in Montgomery, non-violent resistance combined the Gandhian method with the doctrine of Christian love. Dr. King's discussion on Christianity's responsibility toward race relations should stimulate the churches of America to take a more active part in combating racial segregation, an undertaking they have for too long avoided.

Dr. King concludes by outlining the role that various Americans, including northern liberals, southern moderates, labor-union members, church leaders, and Negroes can play in the national task of eliminating racial segregation. Offering no quick or easy solution, he presents a guide that emphasizes understanding among people and action—non-violent but positive.

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Dr. King's book will remain an important document in the literature describing our nation's struggle towards achieving democratic egalitarianism.

JOSEPH MINSKY

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*The Conscience of the Rich*, by C. P. Snow. Scribners. 342 pp. \$3.95.

Charles March, a wealthy English Jew and the son of Leonard March, head of an influential and substantial British-Jewish family, says at one point in this novel: "I haven't enjoyed being a Jew. Since I was a child, I haven't been allowed to forget that other people see me through different eyes." Katherine March, Charles's sister, remarks, "It was a bit hard to be stopped riding one's scooter in the Park on Saturday because it was the Sabbath, and then on Sunday too. It seemed to me monstrously unjust." And Ann, who becomes Charles's wife, says, "I've hated my father sometimes because of the misery I've been through on his account."

These three major characters in C. P. Snow's *The Conscience of the Rich* are Jews who are bothered by the label "Jew." The entire novel deals with the March family, and although the author considers them representative Jews of England, the portrait he draws of them, while favorable, gives little substance to them as Jews. Nevertheless, the Marches are well worth knowing as human beings, and Mr. Snow's considerable skills as a novelist are brought into full play as he tells us of the problems besetting the March family.

Charles March decides to give up a career as a lawyer for medicine, partly under the influence of his wife Ann, a handsome woman who is active in the Communist Party in Great Britain at the time—in the early 1930's. Katherine March marries a Gentile, and Leonard March, the patriarch of the clan, responds violently to his son's change of plans and to his marriage. He is less bothered by the marriage of Katherine with a Christian.

The story is told through the eyes of a narrator, Lewis Eliot, who is constantly intrigued by the Marches as Jews and as human beings, and we are given many sharp insights into difficult relationships. Leonard

March's love for his son and his agony when Charles breaks away from him are very real and the scenes are brilliantly written and full of genuine anguish. The friendly relationship between Charles and his sister Katherine is drawn with admiration for the two and with penetration by the author. And the explanation of how Charles is really the influencing factor in his marriage, rather than his wife, comes as a shock, but is persuasively done by Mr. Snow.

Throughout, however, one is aware of a wealthy British-Jewish society in which the leading characters carefully move about, always aware of their status and stature, and terribly upset if anything is done to endanger their situation. These are comfortable Jews, unwilling to face up, for example, to the rising power of Nazism, yet their comfort is skin-deep. Always they are aware that they do not really "belong"; that any error on the part of any of them will bring down the family like the proverbial pack of cards. And when in the plots and counterplots there is danger to the family, the Marches face up to the challenge but lose out in the end. Leonard March watches the dissolution of the clannishness of his family; his brother Philip loses a Government post in shame; and Charles, in becoming a doctor, discovers that he has not achieved any real fulfillment. Only Katherine, through marriage and children, develops into a pleasant, mature, and decent woman.

*The Conscience of the Rich* is a continuously interesting tale, full of insights — some of them depressing. As Jews, the Marches lack substantiality as characters in a novel, but they are worth Mr. Snow's effort; and certainly we may all learn much from the book itself and the human beings who people it.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

*Waging Peace, The Swiss Experience*, by William Bross Lloyd, Jr. Public Affairs Press. 101 pp. \$2.50.

This is an enlightening book to general readers who, like this reviewer, learned very little about Switzerland from their teachers of European history. It is a short history of Switzerland in the central aspect of war and peace among the cantons. That is the thread

of the book. There is much detail but the writing is clear and smooth and the thread is never lost.

Did you know that throughout the course of Swiss history down to the 19th century bloody war not infrequently broke out among the cantons? Neither did I. War was threatened even oftener than it broke out, but the wars were stopped and the threats were stopped so that the Swiss Federation could survive. This was accomplished mainly by the efforts of those cantons not directly involved. Those efforts consisted primarily in offers to mediate between the belligerent cantons and to participate in the ensuing peaceful mediation. This mediation seemed to have been extraordinarily successful. It became regularized by treaty and constitution. This is what Mr. Lloyd calls "waging peace."

The book, accordingly, is not about Swiss advocacy of peace among nations. It is rather about the internal example. But the Swiss example may be more influential than advocacy. That example, Mr. Lloyd persuasively argues, has demonstrated a method by which the nations of the world may, without the use of force, work for peace. The Swiss people long and deeply understood that peace among the cantons was necessary for the survival of Switzerland.

The book carries a preface and a foreword by two distinguished scholars, one Swiss and one American: the late W. E. Rappard and Quincy Wright.

WALTER T. FISHER

*Jewish Symbols in the Greco-Roman Period*, by Erwin R. Goodenough. Vol. 7, 227 pages, with illustrations. Vol. 8, 276 pages, with indexes and illustrations. Published for Bollingen Foundation by Pantheon Books, New York. \$15.00 the set.

In these present two volumes, forming a unit in themselves, Dr. Goodenough of Yale University discusses, as he has so exhaustively done in six previous volumes, in the greatest detail and with voluminous documentation and illustrative support, various cultic symbols and their significance in Judaic religious mores. These idols and images, represented on graves, catacombs, funerary objects, and synagogal structures, were, in

a general sense, designed for apotropaic or protective purposes against malefic forces and demoniac powers, or for spiritual sustenance and teleological stimuli. What were the specific devices and designs used in these circumstances? What was their value for Jewish rituals in the Greco-Roman period? What, in short, was the impact of this pictorial vocabulary of pagan symbols and motifs upon Jewish interpretations of Biblical contexts? These are the questions propounded and investigated by the author.

It is a comprehensive, massive contribution, achieved by a single author, that brings his consummation into the sequence of certain major polymathic works: *The Natural History* of Pliny the Elder, the cumulative *History of Science* of George Sarton, the *Golden Bough*, the anthropological encyclopedia of James Frazer, and *The History of Magic and Experimental Science*, Lynn Thorndyke's vast museum.

The conflict of religions and their mutual repercussions provide an intricate study: particularly so in the case of Judaism and contiguous cults. For Judaism, in the course of its progression, adopted and absorbed cultic formalisms from external sources. This, then, is Dr. Goodenough's challenging task, to identify and evaluate these forms in relation to their Jewish areas of reference.

Schematically, the symbols are classified into various categories: animal types: trees: circular objects such as wheels and rosettes: astronomical forms: miscellaneous fertility emblems. The method in each case is to treat each symbol, or group of symbols, in relation to the appearance in a Judaic context, either verbal or sculptural. Thus the bull, represented on a catacomb stone along with a scroll of the law and a menorah, indicates a symbolic value for the bull. Instances of the taurine figurine, in various poses, are cited from a number of regions—Rome, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Syria, Crete: and this bull figure is identified, in pagan iconography, with Poseidon the sea divinity as well as Dionysus the fertility god. So, the Jews of the Greco-Roman period likewise made the bull symbolic of Yahweh. To pagans, and a posteriori to the Jews who thus utilized the figure, the bull, representing divine potency, indicated life, upon this earth and in the hereafter. Similarly other

emblems are treated seriatim: the lion, felines, trees, masks, crowns, the Gorgon head.

Dr. Goodenough himself declares that the data available to date may be subjected to other interpretations: that subsequent archaeological finds may refute or modify his views. But he finds that "most probably" Jews borrowed the symbols discussed, sensing their religious value. He also asserts that he has attempted to make the reader feel the power and the beauty of the symbolic vocabulary that Jews borrowed. This attempt, in itself, has been eminently achieved. In other respects, the author raises hypotheses. At times, too, he frankly acknowledges the inconclusiveness of many views. This attitude is highly laudable, but it occurs frequently, marked by intrusive safeguards and tentative expressions such as: most probably, I am sure, most likely.

But in this spacious material Dr. Goodenough has ploughed a consistent furrow, his goal being to present the literal connotation and denotation of the symbols, and, in a wider sense, their transcendental implications. Here and there questionings arise, hesitations occur. That is in order, for hypothetical plausibility remains such. But there is no hesitation in recognizing this deeply-probed undertaking, a gigantic task magnificently accomplished.

HARRY E. WEDECK

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*Description of a Struggle*, by Franz Kafka. Schocken Books, Inc. 241 pp. \$4.50.

Franz Kafka saw very little of his work published before his death in 1924. He was understandably reluctant to turn over to a publisher any unpolished, sub-standard writings. In fact, before his death, he asked his life-long friend, Max Brod, to destroy all of his unpublished manuscripts, including those that are considered today to be his best work: *The Trial* and *The Castle*.

Max Brod, happily for many readers, disregarded the request, but the publication of *Description of a Struggle* is a disservice to the late author. In *Description of a Struggle*, two of Kafka's earlier stories, a playlet, and a few fragments of the author's work are now published for the first time in English. If Kafka had been alive, I doubt sincerely

that he would have allowed these short pieces—including the title story, which is described by the publisher as a “finished” piece of work—to appear in print.

“Description of a Struggle,” written when the author was twenty, is an almost incoherent piece of disjointed writing. It will be of interest to the scholar, however, because of its foreshadowing of Kafka’s later and more mature work. The humorous, irrelevant detail and dream-like quality of the later stories are already apparent, but the younger writer barely has his material under control. Unrelated images tumble madly over each other, and the third section of the story bears no resemblance to the first two sections.

Of novelty interest is the late author’s only piece of writing in drama form, “The Warden of the Tomb.” In this dramatic fragment, which poses an aged tomb-warden’s unresolved problem of keeping spirits inside the tomb, rather than keeping unwelcome visitors out, the meaningless, but amusing, dialogue reminds one of the current anti-theater movement so popular in France. It is obvious that this dramatic fragment is unfinished. And it is unfair to speculate on what the ending may have been, in the event the author even intended to complete it in the first place. But I would not be astonished if I saw this playlet appear on television’s *Omnibus* some Sunday afternoon.

The majority of the pieces in this short book, some of them less than a page in length, read like those “brilliant” thoughts, occurring to a writer late at night, which are hastily scribbled down at a bedside table only to be tossed away as valueless when re-read in the cold light of early morning.

The notes of “A Report to an Academy,” “The Great Wall of China,” and some of the other fragments, which were re-worked later in longer prose works, provide preludes to Kafka’s earnest pre-occupation with guilt and animal themes. They will be of considerable interest to literary specialists for comparison purposes, and should provide insight into the author’s thought processes.

Except for “Blumfield, An Elderly Bachelor”—a delightfully comic tale about a bachelor who must learn how to cope with two bouncing, home-loving, ping-pong balls—the reader who has not been initiated into

Kafka’s tragi-comic world will receive little entertainment from *Description of a Struggle*. For the Kafka fan—and there are many of us in the United States, thanks to Schocken’s dogged determination to publish every word Kafka ever wrote—this new collection will be a welcome addition to his shelf as a companion volume for *The Penal Colony*. In this respect I sympathize with the fan who must pay the outrageous price of \$4.50 for such a short volume.

The translators, Tania and James Stern, who translated previously Kafka’s *Letters to Milena* and therefore knew what they were letting themselves in for here, are to be congratulated for their painstaking efforts in deciphering the author’s scribbles, cross-outs, and other changes and rendering them in such excellent English prose.

Schocken Books, Inc., promises to issue, at a future date, Kafka’s *Letters*—his personal correspondence with friends, relatives, and publishers. It is hoped that the publishers can prevail upon Tania and James Stern’s patience once again to accomplish the difficult translation.

CHARLES WILLEFORD



Punishment

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*Who: Sixty Years of American Eminence—The Story of Who's Who in America*, by Cedric A. Larson. McDowell, Obolensky. 389 pp. \$5.00.

Who is a factual and anecdotal history of *Who's Who in America*, probably the most valued and most widely used reference book in the United States. After a brief survey of earlier and similar European volumes—primarily on nobility and wealthy gentry—the book describes in detail the personality and enterprise of A. N. Marquis, who conceived and published *Who's Who in America* from 1899 until shortly before his death in 1943.

From the first, Marquis established criteria for selection that served to make *Who's Who* a highly dependable and serviceable—if slightly one-sided—biographical dictionary of living eminent Americans. His professed aim was to include not necessarily the best but the best-known people. His principle of inclusion, therefore, required that the biographee should be of current, national-reference interest either because of outstanding achievement or because of the governmental or institutional position he held. Thus, he arbitrarily included all members of Congress, all high officials in government, all members of national academies, etc. In addition he listed all persons who had attained literary, religious, artistic, social, and economic eminence. A man of pronounced religious, moral, and Republican views, Marquis tended to favor churchmen, educators, and political conservatives, and to slight businessmen, actors, and others he did not like. An egregious example is the omission of Frank Lloyd Wright until 1924 because of his three marriages.

The first volume of *Who's Who* contained 8,602 names. In subsequent editions the number of biographees increased from volume to volume and now contains 50,645 in the current edition. Leading Americans immediately recognized the book's distinctive usefulness. And Marquis made every effort to improve its level of authenticity and objectivity. After the third edition he began to include more businessmen and others he had previously tended to neglect.

In time Marquis began to regard *Who's Who* as a public trust and became concerned for its perpetuation as a work of irreproachable excellence. He knew that if compelled

by old age to sell his business to a man of lax standards the book that had become the chief accomplishment of his publishing career would surely suffer. Happily for him and for *Who's Who*, Marquis was able to find a buyer in Wheeler Sammons, who shared his standards and his dedication. For years thereafter, while Marquis had the strength, he remained the editor and Sammons busied himself with the promotion of their reference book. His millions of first-class letters to tens of thousands of biographees paid off exceptionally well. Later, when Sammons also began to worry about the future of *Who's Who*, he solved the problem in 1954 by establishing a non-profit foundation, Marquis-Who's Who, Inc., both to assure the qualitative continuity of the book and to develop a Library of American Biography. When Sammons died suddenly in 1956, his son took charge of the lucrative enterprise.

In addition to telling the story of *Who's Who* and its two publishers, the book devotes separate chapters to numerous sidelights. It makes clear how names for inclusion are gathered and chosen and the problems involved in obtaining accurate information from certain biographees. The book is replete with gossip anecdotes of the naive, queer, or fraudulent individuals who have resorted to various subterfuges in their efforts to get listed. The outstanding fraud in the history of the book, Philip Musica, alias Frank Donald Coster, is discussed at length. There are also chatty chapters on the presidents of the United States from Cleveland to Eisenhower, on the relative ages of the biographees, and on the individuals in the various arts. More meaty chapters deal with the number and kinds of Negroes, foreign-born, and women who have been listed during the sixty years of *Who's Who*. A final section contains several articles by prominent writers on the subject of the book.

In no other book can one find as much information about the individuals who have made the United States what it is today or what it will be in the near future. From the beginning Marquis insisted that each listing had to be made on the individual's merit and that no amount of money could purchase the honor if it was not deserved. This cri-

terion has been maintained with a strictness that has helped to enhance the book's usefulness.

An interesting feature of *Who's Who* is that the basic information in each sketch is provided by the biographee himself. As a consequence not a few men of prominence have stressed the things they preferred about themselves and have slurred the items they wished to forget. Thus Theodore Roosevelt, although preparing one of the longest sketches in the book, found no space to mention his leading part in the crucial 1912 presidential campaign. Henry Adams, approaching old age, began to advance the date of his birth until his younger brother Brooks stopped him with the plea that he was committing a biological impossibility.

*Who* is packed with information, both important and trivial. It often repeats itself, strives to be chatty and anecdotal, and suffers from needless prolixity. Nevertheless, it is filled with valuable data and deals with a book and its publishers of whom Chicagoans can be justly proud.

CHARLES A. MADISON

---

*The Great EB*, by Herman Kogan. University of Chicago Press. 314 pp. \$4.95.

Spoon River Anthology readers will remember the tragic *idée fixe* of Frank Drummer, who was sent first to the madhouse and then to his grave by a clear vision—a high and urgent purpose in his soul—that drove him on trying to memorize the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

This fictive fancy epitomizes the awesome reputation enjoyed by the "Great EB" since it was inaugurated as a Scottish publishing venture in 1768, partly as a conservative reply to the radical French Encyclopedists. Herman Kogan's excellent study serves to enhance that reputation still more, but it also reveals a colorful and often amusing history that should interest anyone who owns or hopes to own a set of the EB. For just as the human weaknesses of a genius make him more acceptable to his fellows, so does the massive encyclopedia become more endearing when you learn, for example, that it was naive enough in its salad days to describe California as "a large country in the West Indies."

Kogan's narrative is laced with such tidbits. He makes no reference to Frank Drummer's fateful compulsion, although he does mention several persons who have read their way through the entire EB—including novelist C. S. Forester, who has read two separate editions. Kogan has an eye for anecdotes, but they are never over-worked to the sacrifice of solid content, and there are a number of reasons why this book should appeal to the general reader. For one thing, it is a worthwhile business history of a multi-million dollar commercial enterprise.

There are acknowledged gaps in the record of the first 125 years, but the story becomes more detailed toward the close of the nineteenth century, when the EB was published under the imprimatur of the *London Times* and, later, of Cambridge University.

Considerable attention is devoted to the *Times'* own history during this period, and to the incongruous alliance of the "Thunderer" with a flamboyant American huckster named Horace Everett Hooper, who proved he could market the EB in much the same fashion that his contemporaries were peddling Pears soap.

The story moves to America, where the EB came under the protective wing of Sears, Roebuck and Co. (Julius Rosenwald and Gen. Robert Wood) and then of William Benton and the University of Chicago. Concluding chapters describe the fascinating process by which the modern EB is edited and marketed, dealing also with such related publications as the *Great Books of the Western World* and their impressive *Syntopicon*.

Another reason for reading *The Great EB* is the fact it was written by Kogan, a gifted writer and co-author with Lloyd Wendt of such successful books as *Lords of the Levee*, *Big Bill of Chicago*, and *Chicago: A Pictorial History*. (Now an EB executive himself, Kogan, when he wrote his study, was literary and drama critic of the *Chicago Sun-Times*.)

Still another reason lies in the nature of the EB, a continuing publication for almost 200 years and a kind of mirror of its times; by examining it, the reader has an unusual opportunity to trace the major development of thought over the same period. Perhaps the most striking impression to emerge from

The Great EB pertains to a connection noted by Sir James Frazer and other scholars between intellectual growth and the advance of economic techniques. Certainly the EB illustrates an educational contribution wedded to the market-place. And it is significant that the *New York Times* stated in its editorial on the death of master-salesman Hooper: "Many professional educators of note have done less than he toward popular enlightenment."

Kogan acknowledges but nowhere specifically answers the most common complaint against the EB: that it is too technical for the layman and too simplified for the specialist. But possibly the best answer to that assertion rests in the simple fact that the EB continues to thrive after some two centuries of publication. Surely that success is predicated upon something more persuasive than mere salesmanship, however inspired.

WILLIAM BRADEN

---

*Poet on a Scooter*, by Harry Roskolenko.  
Dial Press. 304 pp. \$5.00.

The very nature of a book which deals with a trip around the world makes it appealing to the general reader. Add to this the quaintness of the means of transportation—a Vespa motor-scooter—and the curiosity attached to the personality of the author—a non-conforming poet—and one has a sure-fire basis for success on promotional and sales levels. But the literary success of such a book depends, finally, on the personality of the traveller as it is revealed to the reader. The most interesting aspect of *Poet on a Scooter* is that it is, in fact, a voyage of discovery: Harry Roskolenko's voyage of self-discovery and re-discovery. The ultimate weakness of the book lies in the same direction—in the fact that the individual who is revealed is less than one would wish.

In geographical terms, the journey begins in Paris, crosses northern Italy, and proceeds through Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Iran (with a side-trip to Mt. Ararat), Pakistan, India, Ceylon, all the way across southern Australia, and from San Francisco to New York via the southern part of the United States. But these details are relatively unim-

portant except as background material, even though the poet's eye records some striking physical descriptions. It would be more accurate to say that the journey begins with a divorce, a traumatic experience which speeds the traveller on his way and keeps him company, and that journey's end is the absorption of this experience into the over-all picture of his personal history in a normal perspective. Important land-marks on this road are Roskolenko's sensitivity as a poet and his justification of the frequent prostitution of his art, while there are many excursions into the by-ways of his social, metaphysical, political, and ethical consciousness. Only the most devoted reader of this sort of tour-guide will not lose patience with this back-road and circular peregrination.

What does succeed in making the book almost as interesting as it might be is the people encountered along the way. There is the capitalist in Yugoslavia, Andro Spolar; the philosophical crap-shooter, Sergeant Malin, the most generous drunk Tabriz has ever seen; Mme. Pars, who wanted to line up a temporary wife for the poet in Teheran; Sir John Kotelawala, the ex-prime minister of Ceylon; the singing aborigine on the Eyre Highway. One is reminded inevitably of the "delectable mountains" of E. E. Cummings' *Enormous Room*. Yet for all the talk about peasants and wanderers, most of the people met or mentioned are famous ones, and much of the book sounds like "notes of a name-dropper." Saroyan, Sandburg, Henry Miller, even Hemingway and Faulkner come in for familiar mention. But there is a time-liness about many of the references which makes them more interesting than annoying. In Athens, for example, Roskolenko talks with Kimon Friar about the translation of Kazantzakis's *Odyssey* which he was working on at the time; in Ceylon there is a casual reference to Sol Spiegel and the filming of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*; and while visiting his friend Kenneth Rexroth in San Francisco he discusses the beat generation. When this route is being followed, the reader's way is one of pleasantness.

It is difficult to arrive at the real Roskolenko because of the many poses he assumes. Now it is Roskolenko the universally misunderstood artiste, now Roskolenko the ambassador of good will, now Roskolenko

the confidant of famous men, now Roskolenko the sulking rejected lover, now Roskolenko the scooter-seat philosopher, now Roskolenko the nostalgic savorer of past triumphs. But there are two Roskolenkos who persist. First, consciously, it is Roskolenko the poet. Snatches of verse, sometimes complete poems, and frequent references to events or places associated with poems, are used to keep this idea in the foreground. And this is important because the man deserves some respect for his poetry. Second, quite unconsciously, there is a mood of almost maudlin self-pity which seeps through the veneer of audacious, even pugnacious, good-humor with which he freely coats his thoughts and conversation. This is important, too, because it marks the ultimate failure of the book. The reader will find it difficult to decide whether this is the cause or the result of the poet's failure to write prose in *propria persona*.

NEIL D. ISAACS

---

*American Judaism*, by Nathan Glazer.  
University of Chicago Press. 175 pp. \$3.00.

With this study Nathan Glazer has presented a brief yet important analysis of American Judaism. Many of the author's observations may disturb some Jews, and no doubt some of Glazer's conclusions will meet with strong disagreement. This is because the present book does not fall into the realm of apologetic literature. Rather, it is an attempt to present as objectively as possible a candid view of Jewish religious development in the United States. It can be hoped that the general approach used by Glazer will influence subsequent historians and sociologists concerned with the American Jewish community.

After setting the tone of the book in the introductory chapter, Glazer presents his historical survey of American Judaism. He begins with the colonial Jewish immigration and the first Sephardic settlements. He then carries his analysis chronologically down through the nineteenth century German immigration and the shaping of Reform, through the reformers and conservatives, through the Eastern European migration between 1880 and 1920, through the 1920-1940 period, and through the 1940-1956 era. In

the last chapter Glazer generalizes about the religion of American Jews. The impact of various Jewish groups upon one another receives great attention. Although some original information from first-hand experience is presented, most of the material is drawn from studies completed by others. Glazer's contribution is an interpretative one. The appendix contains some valuable factual data, and the index is good. The essay on suggested reading is especially valuable as supplementary information.

The author's major thesis is that Judaism must be defined and studied as a combination of peoplehood and religion. From its beginning Judaism has been concerned with practice rather than creed, with ritual rather than theology. Traditionally, Judaism has stressed the living of the "Holy life." This has been the uniting force between the people and the religion. Glazer attempts to prove that such a combination is unique in American society. He also maintains that the attempts to divide the combination, on one hand by the Reform rabbinate of the late nineteenth century and on the other by Jewish nationalists of the early twentieth century, failed. The Reform rabbinate in their Pittsburgh Platform of 1885 sought to establish a Judaism of universal religious principles and to disavow Jewish peoplehood. The Jewish religion would then, like other religions, not be connected with the fate and character of one people. Within a few decades, however, Reform Judaism had begun to change its position. By 1937 the change was fully evident, as the Columbus Platform of the Central Conference of American Rabbis set forth nationalistic and more traditional principles. Reform Judaism today incorporates many nationalistic customs and rituals, and a great number of Reform rabbis view themselves as Zionists. Some Jewish nationalists of the early twentieth century tried to make the Jewish nation like other nations wherein religion would be a matter of personal choice. This secular movement bore little fruit. Since Judaism is thus a nation-religion, and not merely a theology, argues Glazer, assimilation of Jews into American society would mean the extinction of Judaism.

Another important thesis furthered by Glazer is that religion has declined in the

United States. This is because modern man is not interested in salvation, God's Providence, the messiah, or other important aspects of faith. Two main reasons are cited for this. One is science, which has replaced religion in explaining the world and has done so without including a non-earthly supernatural reality. The second is scientific technology, which has made possible and all important the acquisition of great material wealth in this world. Judaism has been affected, maintains Glazer, since it is inconceivable to expect modern man to live the "Holy life" in fulfillment of God's word. From this major premise Glazer concludes that the Jewish revival of the past few decades—i.e. the increase of synagogue construction and membership, the increased emphasis upon aspects of Jewish ritual even among Reform Jews, the meteoric rise in importance of Jewish organizations and philanthropic drives, etc.—is not truly religious in character. Although acknowledging that Hitler and Zionism have contributed to this revival of Jewish identification and Jewish awareness, Glazer seems to view as the most important reason the movement of Jews to suburban areas in cities. In these areas Jews live among non-Jews, whereas previously Jews tended to live among Jews. This sociological development makes necessary a new type of adjustment and identification. A Jewish parent, for example, seeing that his child is mingling with non-Jewish children, wants a synagogue close by so that his child can go there for Sunday School when the Catholic or Protestant child goes to his church. The Jewish parent wants his child to learn something about being a Jew. A school is necessary for this, since the environment is not Jewish as it was in the first and second areas of Jewish settlement. In mingling with non-Jewish neighbors, moreover, the Jew wants a synagogue and rabbi in the neighborhood for identification just as the friend next door has a church and a minister.

This book contains many other conclusions about American Judaism that are worthy of attention but that cannot be discussed in this one review. Taken as a whole, these conclusions are challenging. The greatest fault of the book, however, is that because of its brevity certain important things

often are not included. Many times these things qualify the conclusions presented. A good example of this concerns Glazer's conclusion that the need for Jewish identification in the suburbs is the prime reason for the recent Jewish revival. Whereas there are many suburban areas in which Jews live surrounded by non-Jews, there are also many other suburban areas that can be viewed as new Jewish ghettos. In the north shore suburbs of Chicago (Wilmette and Winnetka), for instance, some new areas exist that are seventy-five to one hundred per cent Jewish. The same holds true for suburban areas around New York and other large cities. The need for a synagogue, a rabbi, or a Jewish organization, as far as identification alone is concerned, is of no more importance in these new ghettos than it was in the old ghettos. Still, the synagogue, the rabbi, and the Jewish organization are desired and maintained, whether or not the impetus and general Jewish interest in them stem from a religious feeling. It is regrettable that Glazer makes no reference to these predominantly Jewish suburbs in his book.\*

Another subject on which Glazer fails to give full information concerns the change in Reform Judaism. Although a small and highly controversial organization, the American Council for Judaism (ACJ) certainly deserves mention. Some of its members are influential American Jews. Most important, the ACJ is the present-day remnant of the nineteenth century Reform position. The ACJ broke away from the main stream of Reform Judaism in the early 1940's, after the capitulation of the Central Conference of American Rabbis to a concept of Jewish peoplehood and nationality had taken place. The ACJ still defines Judaism as only a religious community whose members accept the same universal religious principles. As an organization the ACJ is opposed to all concepts of Jewish nationality. From this basis is generated a violent and somewhat influential Jewish brand of anti-Zionism.

Glazer devotes little space to the Ortho-

\* Glazer does point out that many new suburban areas are twenty-five to fifty per cent Jewish. This, however, is used to support the general contention that in the suburbs Jews are surrounded by non-Jews and need identification. As stated above, Glazer makes no mention of the suburban areas that are nearly all Jewish.

dox position in his book. He reasons that such limitation is justified since Orthodoxy is in sharp decline and is important to the twentieth century as only a "saving remnant" in areas such as Jewish education. Ample evidence for this assertion, however, is lacking in this book. Indeed, there are some indications, not referred to by Glazer, that Orthodox Judaism is on the increase. The two largest Orthodox seminaries, Yeshiva University in New York City and Hebrew Theological College in Chicago, are growing in size and expanding into universities. Both these schools seem to have great financial support and a growing number of students. New, "modern Orthodox" synagogues have been recently built and are acquiring larger memberships in some large cities as well as in out-lying places. In Des Moines, Iowa, for instance, Congregation Beth El-Jacob has just completed construction of a beautiful and mammoth \$300,000 Orthodox synagogue, and membership is growing monthly.

Finally, Jewish secularism, Zionism, and

anti-Semitism should receive fuller discussion and clearer definition than this book supplies. Jewish secularism is complex, and since Glazer alludes to it, he should at least point out its many aspects. Zionism had varied meanings before 1948; since then its definition has become even more muddled. Glazer is content to merely insert the word here and there to indicate a general feeling. Anti-Semitism has taken many forms in American history. Some people feel that anti-Semitism and perhaps philo-Semitism constitute major obstacles in the path of any attempted assimilation by Jews. Since Glazer is concerned with assimilation in this book, he should probably be concerned more than he is with anti-Semitism.

The book, however, is worth serious reading and consideration by Jews and non-Jews alike. As already stated, the conclusions reached by Glazer are challenging, even though many of them lack depth and perspective.

NORTON MEZVINSKY

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*Deutsche und jüdische Tragik*, by Michael Müller-Claudius. Knecht. 184 pp. \$1.25.

This book propounds a novel thesis: Racist anti-Semitism, more than nationalism and militarism, more than the political and financial dilemma of the Weimar Republic, more than any other single factor, accounted for the domestic successes of Hitlerism and the moral collapse of Germany. The tragedy of the most scorned people of all times is inextricably tied to that of the most scorned nation of recent times.

While this thesis is not fully tenable from an historical standpoint, it serves to remind the German people of the relationship between anti-Semitism and their past plight. More important, it is a warning for the future. Once before, Müller-Claudius had warned his compatriots. In 1927, six years before the Hitlerite revolution, he cautioned in his *Deutsche Rassenangst* about the abyss toward which the anti-Jewish psychosis was driving them. This as well as other writings and his charter membership in the Society for the Defeat of Anti-Semitism made him *persona non grata* to the Nazis; in 1933 they suppressed his works and dismissed him from his teaching position.

Müller-Claudius' background in psychology, religious philosophy and education is clearly mirrored in this book. Where he deals with these three areas, his thought is sound, stimulating, provocative. But the entire first part deals with the historical development of German anti-Semitism and here he contributes little that is new. He retraces swiftly the relationship between German and Jew from those blissful early Frankish days when discrimination against the Jew did not exist, to the bloody days following Crusade and Black Pest. What few new facts he adduces are not adorned with scholarly paraphernalia, sometimes rendering difficult the reader's task of sifting fact from opinion. In singling out lower clergy and religious instruction as both instigator and transmitter of anti-Jewish sentiment, Müller-Claudius is placing the responsibility where, on the non-governmental level, it belongs.

The mass-hatred implanted by these agencies in the Middle-Ages, furthered by them in succeeding centuries, evolves into the tragedy of Jew and German in modern

times. How is it, asks Müller-Claudius, that racist anti-Semitism, known and discussed in other nations as well, became supreme mainly in Germany, culminating in crime and the total decay of individual conscience? Like many non-German historians, Müller-Claudius perceives a sharp dichotomy between the authoritarian virtues which constitute the German political and moral ideal and the democratic virtues which triumphed in other Western nations. This ideal exacted soldierly pride in discipline, subordinating as moral duty, a religious faith in order and efficiency as well as identification of one's own will with that of a superior. Above all it meant docile loyalty to a revered *Landesvater*. So deeply rooted were these traits that they obviated any possible transition to modern political concepts. All attempts to weaken the authoritarian ways in favor of more democratic ones were attributed to "alien seducers," whose blood could not be saturated with the German tradition. This could only be the Jew. Thus, with the threatened rise of democratic movements, the ancient image of the contemptible religious alien was gradually converted into an equally contemptible political alien. How could this foreigner, with alien blood in his veins, comprehend German ideals, German heroes, German ways?

Anti-Semitism, then, which in medieval times evolved into a wide-spread popular religious-racist sentiment and, in the nineteenth century into a political-racist one, supplied in the twentieth to Hitler the mass-unity and feeling which neither nationalist nor militarist propaganda had been able to generate. Hitler, the author points out, did not create this anti-Semitic mass feeling; he profited from it and knew how to further it. He then proceeded to add to it a political program. But hostility toward the Jew did not mean sanctioning the excesses of the concentration-camps.

On the surface, Müller's explanation for the Nazi bestialities might appear to be an apologia for the German people, but deeper analysis belies this assumption. Müller-Claudius asserts that the 1938 pogroms, the only anti-Jewish violence carried on in the open, had met with widespread disapproval, much of it voiced in public. This convinced Hitler that, if the Jewish question were to

be finally solved—and to his liking—it would have to be done behind the scenes and by his trusted S. S. For the latter, individual conscience had ceased to exist; the Führer's will, his conscience, had become their own. He had vowed the extermination of the irretrievably lost, lowly, alien and parasitic species called Jews. Their will and conscience absorbed by the Führer's assumption of total responsibility, they could perform with relish the tasks demanded at Auschwitz and Belsen-Belsen. Although Müller-Claudius asserts, in accordance with this theory, that few Germans knew what transpired in the extermination-camps, and resents the charge of German collective guilt for these deeds (as he rejects collective judgments of any people), these views must not be construed as an attempt to absolve Germans of all moral guilt. On the contrary, he blames them specifically for the anti-Semitic tradition which he deems widespread and deeply entrenched; he is not even convinced that recent events have materially weakened it. But he is hopeful that, through a new approach to religious instruction, a public opinion aroused to the dangers of collective prejudice, an educational system aware of its responsibilities and a powerful will to change, the evil of anti-Semitism may be removed from the German scene under a democratic regime.

Müller-Claudius' psychology is rooted in speculative philosophy as much as in the scientific psychologies which find credence here. But though he mentions nowhere the studies of the authoritarian personality undertaken in this country, he arrives at a similar conclusion as to the harmful effect of an entire people's authoritarian personality on its internal and external relations. But if modern German anti-Semitism is so closely allied to the authoritarian heritage, the will of a trusted *Landesvater*, one must inquire as to the present state of German authoritarianism. Is the Adenauer democracy a true democracy or is it composed of externally democratic institutions harboring within the same authoritarian soul? And is not Adenauer another one in the long series of trusted *Landesväter*, benevolent to be sure, but paternalist nevertheless? Müller-Claudius ends on a reasonably optimistic note, but his theories, realistically viewed,

are not very encouraging for a good future relationship between German and Jew.

LOTHAR KAHN

---

*Nationalism and History: Essays on Old and New Judaism by Simon Dubnow. Edited with an introductory essay by Koppel S. Pinson. Jewish Publication Society. 397 pp. \$4.50.*

Ever since his thoughtful essay entitled "Simon Dubnow, Historian" first appeared in THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, Mr. Pinson's book has been eagerly awaited. For we stand on the threshold of the centennial of the Olympian of modern Jewish historians. This work is both timely and needed. It is a compilation which will recall Simon Dubnow to life and will serve to re-orient the thinking of many Jewish scholars engaged in research in the various fields of Jewish history. It is a work lovingly conceived and painstakingly undertaken. Everything about this fine volume arouses one's gratitude and appreciation. The dedication expresses the mood of its editor and compiler: "To the memory of the sainted Jewish scholars who met their death at the hands of the Nazis."

On the second day of Rosh Hashana, in the year 5621 (1860) in a small White Russian village, Simon Dubnow was born. His family had illustrious antecedents in the field of scholarship, piety, and saintliness. But to Simon and his siblings there fell the usual, close knowledge of poverty and privation. Plain living and high thinking characterized his education, in which Simon modeled himself on both grandfather and great-grandfather who were dedicated to "humility, contentment with little, avoidance of pride and vainglory, and to love and friendship for each individual." The heder and the Talmud Torah were his first schools. But secretly and surreptitiously books of the Haskala were made available to this brilliant boy. By the age of twelve he had already been sufficiently imbued with the spirit of enlightenment to compose in Hebrew a remonstrance against religious bigotry and fanaticism. And he carried his revolt to unheard of heights by refusing to deliver his Bar Mitzvah speech so that he was called "heretic" by his townsmen. Escaping to the wider horizons of the government-sponsored

Jewish school, Dubnow plunged headlong into a world of arithmetic and poetry, of political theory and the classics. He went on to Vilna, to Dvinsk, to Smolensk, to St. Petersburg, to Odessa. It was an Odyssey that was to continue until the day of his death—when he was shot down in the streets of Riga by a gun-toting murderer in a Nazi uniform. It was the day after Pearl Harbor—December 8, 1941.

To understand and to evaluate Simon Dubnow's contribution to Jewish historiography one must turn to his diary; for again and again in the intimate revelations of his innermost thoughts do we find the motivation and the ideals which guided him through all of his creative life. "For me," he wrote, "history is a spring of bubbling life, of struggle, of creation, a source of world views." And again: "God is so near to me. He is in me, in every urge of mine to eternity, in my entire tense spiritual striving. . . . This is the way I have been living from that moment when grandfather and grandchild . . . in the stillness of their libraries, each in his way, was seeking eternity. . . . I have returned, although without the ritual and the dogmas, to the source of the spirit from which we both drew. . . . I have continued to repeat my most beloved verse of the Psalms, which described the essence of my grandfather's life as it does of mine. 'One thing I have asked of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.' I always interpreted those words to mean unending spiritual creativity."

From this vision Dubnow did not deviate. His sense of mission and dedication never wavered. It was this approach which enabled him to see Jewish history as a continuum in which its various currents could be synthesized, illuminated, understood. His theory of Jewish nationalism is based on the concept of an innate and inherent "inner and natural form of social collectivity." In history Jews exemplify a nation whose survival rests on its spiritual tradition.

Here is a giant among scholars, a seer among prophets, an immortal whose name reverberates and endures as long as Jews survive.

ANITA LIBMAN LEBESON

*Dictionary of Russian Literature*, by William E. Harkins. Philosophical Library. 439 pp. \$10.00.

This *Dictionary* belongs to the same group of books, valuable for the student of literature, as the *Columbia Dictionary of Modern European Literature* or *Cassel's Encyclopedia of World Literature and Authors*. It differs from the Oxford books on literature by not giving content outlines and is a part of the publishers' project of dictionaries of the literatures of other countries.

The *Dictionary of Russian Literature* not only deals with authors, but contains important articles on literary schools: classicism, romanticism, realism, symbolism. There is an interesting article on the development of the Russian theatre entitled "Drama and Theatre." The long article on literature could serve as an introduction for the intelligent reader to the entire field of Russian literature. Some of the articles are written by guest contributors.

The book covers the entire span of Russian literature from the early Kievan writing to the modern Soviet authors. It does not include the literatures of the Ukrainians or the Belo-Russians, although some outstanding writers are mentioned by name only. It limits itself to the literary creative genius of the Great-Russians. Several articles are very long and take on the aspect of essays. Such are those on Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Gorky.

The book also gives valuable information on Russian philosophy and journalism and includes writers on political and social questions. All in all, there are about 400 names treated. Professor Harkins' approach is not only factual but also critical.

The work is a valuable contribution in its field. It is far superior to *Russian Writers* by V. Snow (1946), the scope of which is very limited and includes only the writers "from the age of Catherine II to the October Revolution." It is not a history of Russian literature such as Mirsky's or Slonim's books are, but it is an excellent companion volume on the literature of Russia.

It has, however, two shortcomings. The articles do not contain any references, as the *Columbia Dictionary of Modern European Literature* does. A few critical references at

the end of each article would be of great value to the average reader. Then, too, the price of the book is too high for a university student, who should be able to acquire this useful reference work.

JOHN M. MIRKIN

***The Service of the Heart. A Guide to the Jewish Prayer Book*, by Evelyn Garfiel. Thomas Yoseloff. 251 pp. \$4.50.**

The Midrash tells us that, with every breath a man breathes, he ought to praise his Creator. It is just this view of the centrality of God and prayer which gave the traditional Jewish prayer book, the *Siddur*, to the Jews, where it has been lovingly handled for many centuries. Only in our own day has this centrality been threatened. A community which is ignorant of the Bible and rabbinic literature will find it nearly impossible to appreciate the Prayer Book, a storehouse of rabbinic thought. It is precisely this lack of knowledge which Dr. Garfiel desires to remedy in this admirable book for the layman. After an introduction to the history of the *Siddur*, she outlines the main themes of the daily and Sabbath prayers, with special notes on the Bar Mitzvah, Grace after meals, and the marriage service.

One who is intimately familiar with the *Siddur* and rabbinic writings may, from time to time, take issue with some of the author's statements. For example, Dr. Garfiel notes that the term *Kadosh*, holy, from which the rabbinic term for marriage, *Kiddushin*, is derived may at one time have meant "set aside for the exclusive use." However, she claims it is hard to say "how much of this old connotation still clings to the word *Kiddushin*, as applied in the Talmud to marriage." Actually, a statement on the very first folio of the Talmudic tractate relating to marriage (*Kiddushin* 2b) would indicate that this "old" connotation was, indeed, a rabbinic connotation as well.

Yet such differences do not detract from the essential excellence of the book for the inquiring layman who wants to know what Judaism has had to say about all those most intimate and profound questions to which men direct their hearts at times of prayer. Whether this volume will lead such a person

#### THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

to embrace Jewish prayer as his own, however, is a different question. To understand is not necessarily to accept.

So many of the concepts embodied in the *Siddur* are spoken of in the past tense—they belong to yesterday. Perhaps even the author feels this when she says, for example, that a certain prayer "indicates how widespread among the people was the recognition of the place of normal *Nissim* (miracles) in their lives." The real problem of prayer is to inspire a generation to live the *Siddur*, and the experience of prayer. If this can be done consistently with Jewish thinking, then knowledge will be required as a proper means. This book is a good first step in that direction.

PAUL H. VISHNY

***Altgeld's America: The Lincoln Ideal Versus Changing Realities*, by Ray Ginger. Funk & Wagnalls Company. 376 pp. \$4.95.**

This book projects Ray Ginger into high rank as an interpreter and historian of American life. Here are knowledge, assurance, illumination. This book, dealing with the unforgettable years from 1892 to 1905 in the story of Chicago, deserves wide popularity. In any event, it will be read and remembered by those who want good fare for their minds and souls in an America that too often dishes up mush and sugar water.

Chicago has frequently been the subject of fiction, special studies, and even poetry. There is something about the city that seizes hold of the imaginations even of those who have no creativeness in them. One reads hero tales of the giants who trod the streets of the big town, the hog butchers and land hogs, drapers and droll dogs, the little men who cast big shadows, the big men who were chased by the reflections of their own excesses. The books have occasionally been noteworthy. Certainly our local literature would be poorer if it lacked the Lloyd Lewis-Henry Justin Smith study of Chicago's reputation.

But these books had no fundamental theme and orbit. They tended no where and traveled in an almost meaningless circle, like a missile on its way to oblivion. It is the great virtue of Ray Ginger's book that he

has had a vision complete of the city. He has grasped the meaning of its years and people, its struggles and speech. He has arranged everything with philosophical and historical unity and calm, without distortion, falsification, or omission. He has seen that in Chicago, more than elsewhere, the Lincoln figure has meaning and depth and a practical utility that it has lacked where people are concerned only with the poetic haze rather than the hard core of reality. As Ginger and Lincoln both knew, "Ideals must relate to reality, and they must set the standard toward which we try to shape reality."

Ginger sees in John Peter Altgeld the central figure of the times about which he writes. But he knows that the great Governor, the "Eagle Forgotten" of Lindsay's poem, does not stand alone. So he has much to say of Clarence Darrow, a great compassionate lawyer; Theodore Dreiser, a great compassionate novelist; Jane Addams and her dauntless Hull House associates; and Henry Demarest Lloyd, Thorsten Veblen, Louis Sullivan, and other men and women like them. Altgeld weaves in and out of the picture, tortured by his own conflicting impulses. He would achieve commanding position, wealth, power. At the same time he would hold fast to ideals, to love for the lowly. In the end he lost all of the earmarks of worldly success and achieved a quiet immortality. He and those who labored with him gave Chicago qualities that it has since lost. A book like this, however, may help us to regain the grandeur of those not-too-distant days.

ELMER GERTZ

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*Franklin and Newton*, by I. Bernard Cohen. The American Philosophical Society. 657 pp. \$6.00.

Isaac Newton was a seventeenth century Englishman and Benjamin Franklin an eighteenth century Englishman, but both had

this in common: the one played tricks with figures and the other admired them. Newton was the greatest mathematical genius perhaps of all time. Franklin was mathematically untutored, but what Franklin lacked by way of scientific training—and he was wholly untrained as a scientist—he made up for in the scientific use of the imagination. In *Franklin and Newton* Professor Cohen, who is an historian of science at Harvard, tells the story of Franklin as an original experimenter and scientific discoverer and trailblazer in the matrix, or shall I say the aura, of Newton's influence. "The major aim of this study" writes Professor Cohen in the opening lines of this book, "is to illuminate the nature of scientific thought by considering the interaction between the creative scientist and his scientific environment." And this Professor Cohen fully and illuminatingly succeeds in doing, but he also succeeds in doing much more, for *Franklin and Newton* is undoubtedly one of the best accounts of the influence of Newtonian theory and experimental method upon the thought of the eighteenth century, and at the same time it is one of the best accounts of the development of Franklin's thought and work as a scientist that we have.

Professor Cohen, as a good historian of science, deals with his principal figures not as puppets but as men of flesh and blood, and his discussion of the personalities of his principal proponents and the relation of these to their work aids to the dimension of the story he has to tell. It is a fascinating story, and since it is written by no dry-as-dust scholar, it is a book to be read not only for information, but for sheer pleasure. At the same time it should be said that it represents a major contribution to American scholarship. The author and the American Philosophical Society are each to be congratulated upon the publication of this book.

ASHLEY MONTAGU

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... It is an old and mischievous fallacy, the belief that in morality, government, and art mankind is by nature libertine and must forever be checked and suppressed. Mankind is by nature timid, conservative, and conventional, hostile to innovation and experiment, forever afraid of everything new. Art, likewise, is forever intimidated by critical authority, especially in literature, for literature does not come to be until someone prints and distributes it. It must to some extent please if it is to exist at all. . . .

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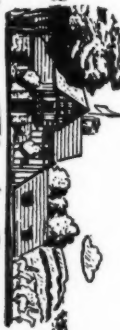
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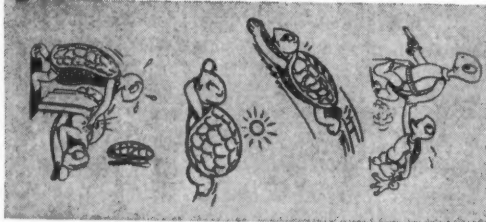
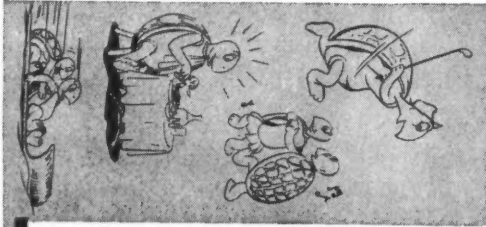


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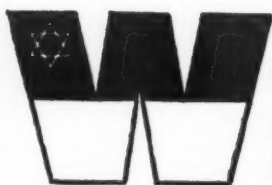
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